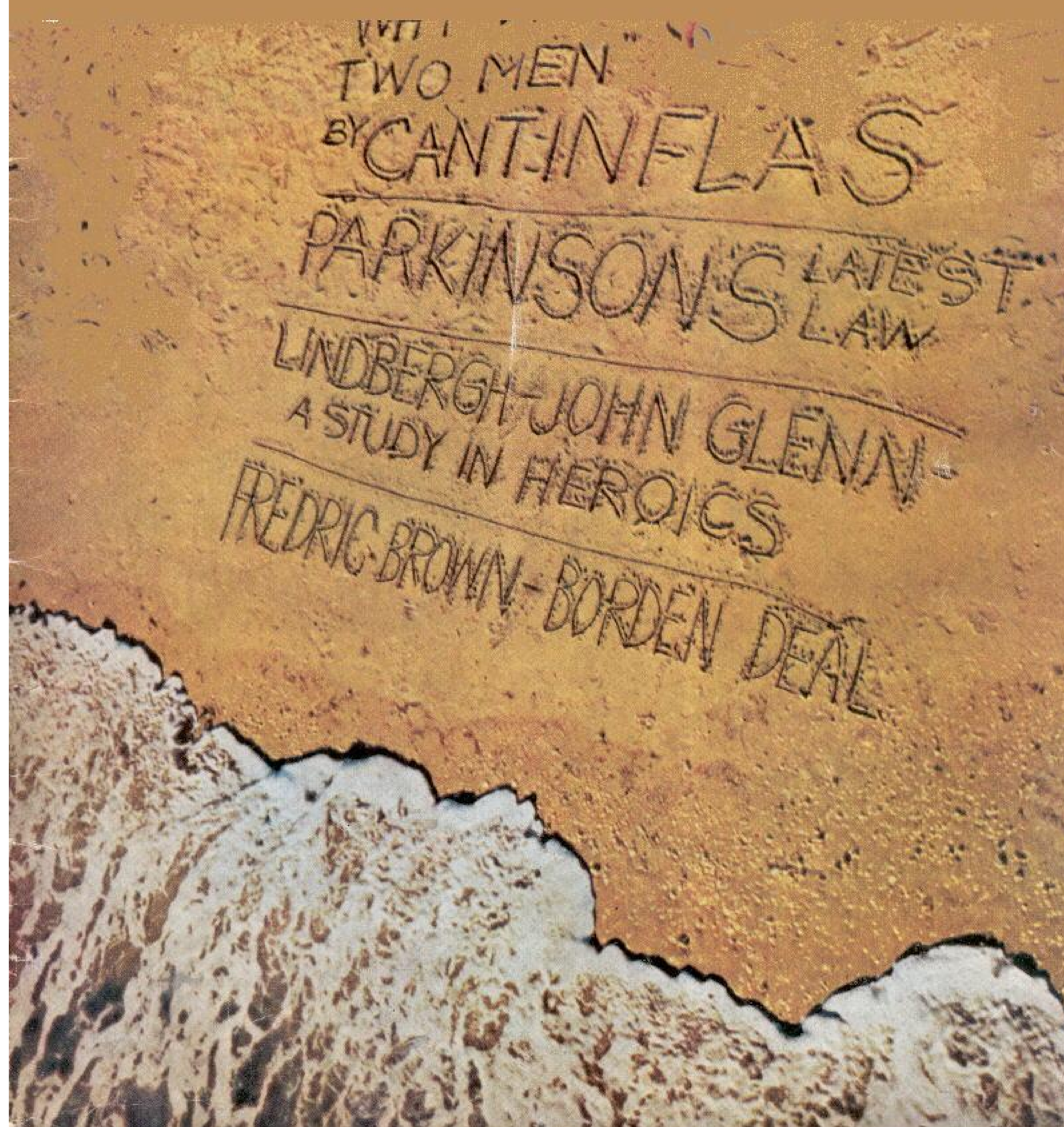
Rogue

DESIGNED FOR MEN



HE WHO READS ROGUE

LIQUOR IS QUICKER for livening up a party, cooling off after a long look at the sun, or raising your banter level for the benefit of an impressionable date. Whatever the reason, many people in our growing audience feel the brands served are a vital gauge of a host's general good taste. And with good reason: 88 per cent of all Rogue households drink or serve alcoholic beverages—79.7 per cent beer . . . 54.6 per cent wine . . . and 78.3 per cent whiskey, gin, vodka or rum. Why not convince them it would be the ultimate in good taste to serve your brands?

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Source: Rogue Magazine Survey of Subscribers, 1963

LEFT TO RIGHT: PAUL SAND, SEVERN DARDEN, MELINDA DILLON



ROGUE NOTES

ALTHOUGH it took "Around the World in Eighty Days" to bring Cantinflas to the attention of the Anglo-Saxon world, his comedic image has been a household world to Spanish-speaking people for decades. Long before art theaters brought polylingual patrons out of hiding, hippies were making their way to movie houses with Puerto Rican and Mexican audiences and laughing hysterically at the little, universal clown whose language was double talk. You'll find out a good deal about the greatest clown since Chaplin in the article beginning on page 10.

Mention drag racing to middle-aged fuddy-duddies and you conjure up a picture of duck-assed hair cuts, leather jackets and juvenile delinquents smoking pot while they roar through the night. The reality of dragging is, as usual, a far cry from the stereotype. On page 14 you'll find a picture essay concerning what really goes on at a well run drag race.

We told you a lot about Borden Deal in last month's Trailer. For now, let's just suggest that, after you leaf through the pages of this issue looking at ROGUE's ladies, you turn to page 20 and read Mr. Deal's "The Patternmaker."

The contrapuntal article, "A Study in Heroics," page 34, was written by Bennett Muir Rogers. In order to fill you in on why he's so knowledgeable about fly boys, we can't do better than to quote his bio. "I'm a six foot, thirty-year-old bachelor with a lust for performance machinery. At the not so tender age of twenty one, I spent three months alone, flogging a motorcycle up and down the European continent before returning home to graduate from Dartmouth as the Northeastern Intercollegiate Flying Champion—a singular distinction, but mine own.

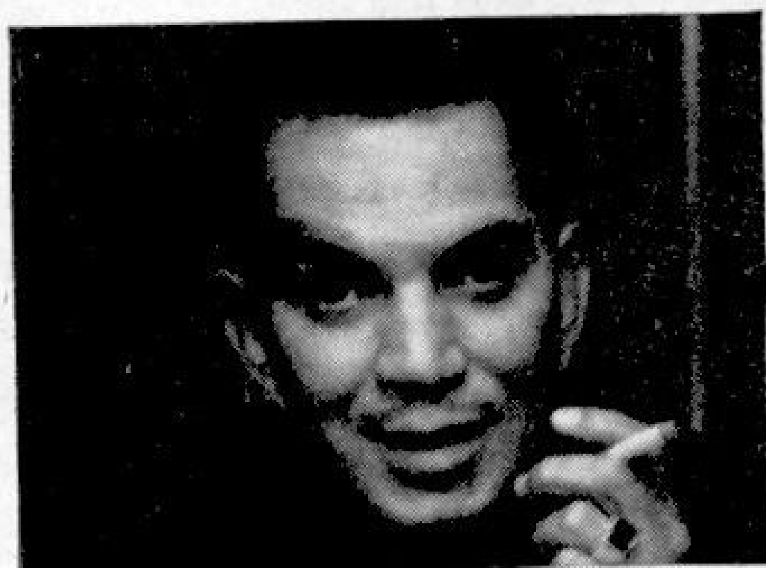
"I've also been known to travel by ski, parachute and even canoe. For the past couple of years, I've owned a Lotus Elite sports car, a two-seater airplane, and a quarter interest in a twenty-one-year-old glider." We think that should establish Mr. Roger's bona fides.

"View from a Hong Kong Balcony," page 38, may give you an advanced case of wanderlust as well as a kind of insight that Mr. Johnston seems to bring to all his ROGUE writings.

C. Northcote Parkinson continues his examination of our life and hard times in "Parkinson's Latest Law," page 48. The subject under scrutiny is what Mr. Parkinson calls: Our Automobilious Cities.



PARKINSON



CANTINFLAS



ROGERS

If the boob tube is about to send you screaming into the night, we can heartily recommend, "Two Doctors in One Act," by William Johnston, page 51.

"Westport's Women," by Morton Cooper, page 54, is an essay on a specific geographical and cultural phenomenon which has captivated writers for lo, these many years. Why this particular group of ladies should act and react in the fashion they did and do is one to baffle the mind. Where it will all end knows only God.

In "Chance the Prairie Prey," page 62, Frederick Ely has brooded long and thoughtfully on the subject of worship. Of course men worship in many ways, and to many deities . . .

If you have no weight problem, a highly developed palate and a fat wallet, you can do worse than plan on retracing the steps of Neil Morgan in his article "Gourmet's Tour ala Michelin," page 67. Read what it's like to really eat high on the hog. Happy mouth watering.

And if you've ever wondered what it takes for a national magazine, like the one you are now holding, to throw an all-night blast worthy of its reputation, we heartily recommend your turning—*tout de suite*—to the festivities pictured on page 70.

ON & OFF BROADWAY

THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, only international celebrities will get jobs carrying spears and we may soon see Peter Sellers and Elizabeth Taylor as a walk-on butler and maid. On two successive nights, Manhattan audiences got a spooky feeling, as if one of those old MGM all-star Shearer-Harlow-Gable-Garbo epics had sprung to life. One opening was Jose Quintero's staging of Eugene O'Neill's 1928 Pulitzer Prize winner, **STRANGE INTERLUDE.** The other was Albert Marre's even more dazzling production of George Bernard Shaw's **TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD** which the Theater Guild did with little luck in 1932.

Not one Actors Studio star in the O'Neill four-and-a-half-hour, nine-act marathon at the Hudson Theater mumbled, scratched his armpit, or sported a torn T-shirt. As Nina, Geraldine Page didn't quite convey the physical allure that turned all adjacent males to Jell-O. And at the end she was excessively decrepit for a woman whose age could be finger-counted as 46. Otherwise, she stayed in complete command of one of the longest and most complex roles ever written. We merely heard about Nina's offstage bed-hopping but her "three

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men" onstage were brilliantly brought to hand by Ben Gazzara, Pat Hingle, and William Prince. In flickering single-scene appearances, Betty Field and Franchot Tone were overwhelming. Somewhat less so were two not-so-seasoned players, Geoffrey Horne and Jane Fonda (the latter replaced early in the run by Collin Wilcox).

The star of stars in the Shaw comedy at the 54th Street Theater was David Wayne, in a prissily efficient, swivel-hipped take-off on Lawrence of Arabia. Close behind was Robert Preston, who has developed a style and grace since "The Music Man" that no viewer of his bad B-movies would ever have expected. The other highly spirited funmakers were Cyril Ritchard, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, and the imperishable Lillian Gish and Cedric Hardwicke. Only Eileen Heckart, who ordinarily dominates every cast she joins, seemed ill at ease with the Shavian irony.

The "smarter than thou" boys now look down their noses at both these scripts. They say O'Neill is flat and dated, and Shaw had run out of things to say. As usual, the Broadway wiseacres are mostly wrong. Both plays have a fascination beyond star appeal.

"Strange Interlude" does admittedly creak now and then, both in its moral values and its technique. The once startling device of letting characters express their "stream of consciousness" thoughts aloud is often more confusing than effective; it's occasionally hard to tell if an actor is talking to himself or to someone else. You slide into your seat at six, and at first you're quaintly amused by a heroine who seeks penance in sex for having refused her body to her romantic ideal before his hero's death in France. But by eight-thirty, when you race down the street for a gulped dinner, you can hardly wait to get back and continue the saga of Nina's tangled loves. And you remain gripped by the drama's driving narrative power for two more hours until the intricate web spins down into an ultimate spool of death and resignation.

If there's any trouble with "Too True To Be Good," it's that Shaw had too much to say rather than too little. His comic opera plot has no one big theme, but it pokes holes in war, politics, civilian and military snobbery, medicine, religion, and almost everything we regard as Twentieth Century civilization. It even prophetically foreshadows what life is like under an atomic cloud, and in its eloquent epilogue makes a plea for affirmations that don't exist. All this, and sex too—which Shaw seems to have discovered at the rather tardy age of 74. He says that naked bodies no longer shock us, but what we now find hard to bear is "the horror of the naked mind."



In Shaw's "Too True To Be Good," now playing at the 54th Street Theater, Messrs. Cyril Ritchard and David Wayne play the roles of a colonel who longs for privacy and a private who acts strangely like a colonel.

Figuring out what the payroll must be for these big-name productions, it's hard to imagine how they can continue to run. But anyone who has a chance to see either one—and get emotional impact on one hand or wit on the other that makes most current playwriting seem feeble—is foolish not to grasp this rare chance.

SITUATION COMEDY has voyaged from TV to Broadway, but with a difference. The fashioners of these modishly new family plays are "the men the people choose—love the Irish and the Jews," and mostly the latter. The most ardent sponsor of these ethnic excursions into triviality is the Theater Guild, which used to experiment with Shaw and Strindberg, learned its lesson last season with two disastrous ventures dealing seriously with aspects of anti-Semitism, and now plays things safe to jingling box offices. Its formula: engage a specialist in playing his warm and lovable self, like Sam Levene or Gertrude Berg, and put this specialist into an innocuously warm and lovable play. The result: a long run for **SEIDMAN AND SON**, and an advance of $400,000 and the promise of an even longer life for **DEAR ME, THE SKY IS FALLING**.

In the first, Sam Levene is the Seidman of the title; Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer who resignedly learns, too late, that life is made up of blondes and Martinis as well as business and matzoth balls. There's much more to "Dear Me, the Sky is Falling." Miss Berg is superb, as always, as Molly Goldberg on a slightly higher social level.

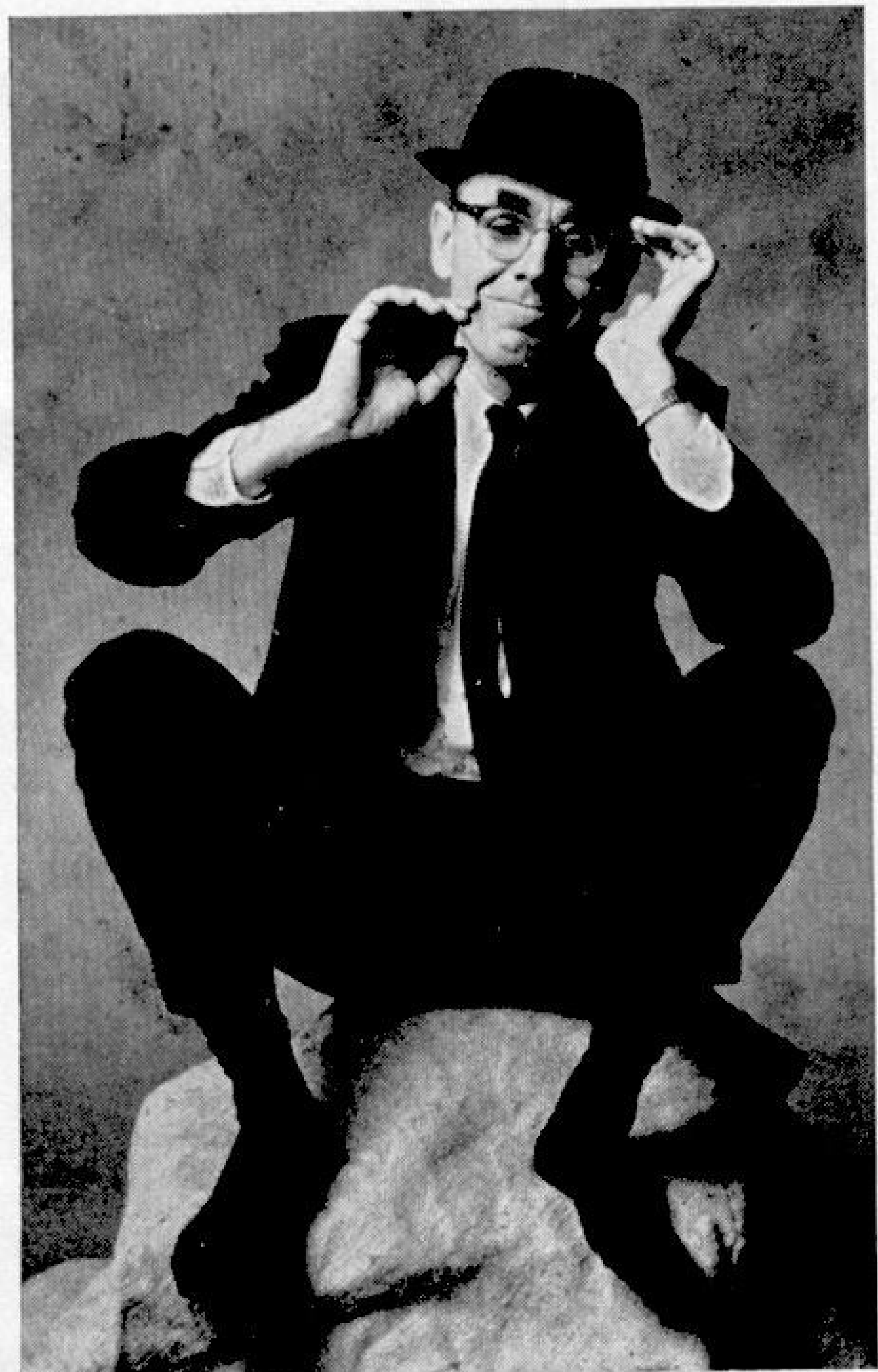
The most original and inventive of the season's excursions into Bronx and Brooklyn folkways was **ENTER LAUGHING**, derived by Joseph Stein from Carl Reiner's semi-autobiographical novel. In stagecraft and in startling insights, it wandered down untrodden paths that sometimes led it to delight and sometimes to dead ends. It managed to recreate the atmosphere of the

N.R.A. days during the Thirties with nostalgic accuracy as it told the tale of a brash youngster who yearned for show business as an escape from the millinery industry and his family's passion to have a druggist for a son. The production had box-office insurance in the form of names like Sylvia Sidney, Vivian Blaine, and Alan Mowbray; no-name actors could have done as well. But in the leading role, that of the no-talent youngster who was sure to conquer the world because he was blissfully unaware that it took talent, the producer daringly cast a virtual newcomer. From the moment he stepped onstage until the curtain's fall, Alan Arkin showed that he has the gift that makes great clowns like Bert Lahr and Bea Lillie. Previously known as one of the "From the Second City" night club jesters, Arkin leaps into stardom with this one performance. And he, more than any other element of the play, makes you "exit laughing."

—*Stanly Ferber*

ROGUE ABOUT ROGUE

FROM TIME to time, and as the whim seizes us, we're going to ram some information down your throats about the people who put together this elegant magazine. The elfin creature below, blasted out of his



mind, and making like a refugee leprechaun from "Finian's Rainbow" is Frank M. Robinson whose name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, leads all the rest on the masthead. He is, in short the editor of ROGUE.

Best known outside the editorial field for his science-fiction writing, his novel, "The Power," is one of the few in this field to ever hit the best-seller lists. It has just sold to the flicks, so one of these days you're going to have the begeezus scared out of you . . .

A modest man of many talents—prying information out of him demands the talents of a Red Chinese brainwasher. Numerous threats of bodily violence finally secured from him the following data:

Born 1926 in Cook County hospital, son of a little-known paper hanger, portrait painter, and amateur photographer. Went to school in and around Chicago, served in the Navy twice as an electronic technician. Garnered a BS in Physics and an MS in street-corner interviewing, paper pasting, and scrapbook making. Came to my present job with an extensive background in handball, weightlifting, modeling (the legs in the Rogue subscription ad of past months belonged to me) and sportscar riding (I am one of the best sports car riders around, as various members of the staff will testify). Am also well versed in folk music listening and have successfully distinguished Joan Baez from Peter, Paul, and Mary while blindfolded. Minor medals include Phi Beta Kappa, Omicron Delta Kappa, Phi Eta Sigma, Sigma Delta Chi, and Pi Kappa Alpha. Anybody who calls me an old Greek gets one dumbell right in the kisser.

BOOKS

THE ALFRED KNOPF COMPANY has just published **THE BLUEBOTTLE**, by Valeriy Tarsis, the 60-year-old Soviet writer whose recent prison term in an insane asylum aroused the world's indignation. Like most recent books by Russian authors, "Bluebottle" was smuggled out of that country, and a short while later it was learned that the author had been officially declared insane.

The hero of "The Bluebottle" is, like the author himself, a nonconformist vainly struggling for freedom of expression in post-Stalin Russia. His sense of futility deepens until he believes he has lost everything he values and resigns himself to despair as the inescapable condition of his life.

The author was a senior member of the Soviet Writers' Union, an expert on Western literature and had several critical works published on that subject. Primarily a creative artist, however, he had been secretly writing novels, stories and poetry for the past 20 years. With no hope of Russian publication, he began smuggling the works abroad through tourists, and it was a British journalist who took "The Bluebottle" to England, where it was first published. The English publishers used a

pseudonym for him, in hopes that, with the apparent relaxation of literary censorship in Russia, the Soviet authorities might not find out who he was and prosecute him for smuggling. However, they did find out, they did convict him and, unless things change, he will spend the rest of his life labelled "maniac."

A MAJOR BIOGRAPHY, **JOHN KEATS** by Walter Jackson Bate, will be published on October 14 by the Harvard University Press, under the Belknap Press imprint. Mr. Bate is a Professor at Harvard, and is the author of "Achievement of Samuel Johnson" as well as several other books. In the Keats book, he had used newly discovered material and has added findings from his own extensive research in England and Italy.

WHAT MAKES a female writer a Françoise Sagan type? This was asked of Pamela Moore who, 7 years ago, when she was 18 and only fresh out of college, wrote a sexy little American novel called "Chocolates for Breakfast." Just recently, at age 25, she wrote another book, **THE HORSEY SET**, published by Simon & Schuster, which is even sexier than her first. In an interview, she insisted that when she wrote "Chocolates for Breakfast" she was completely innocent of the thought that it might be considered dirty. "I put down what I saw, so I was not responsible for the filth. . . . There were no sexual descriptions. . . . Its weight was derived from the fact that sex is no substitute for values. . . ." Since "The Horsey Set" *does* have plenty of sexual descriptions and bedroom (even horse stable) action, how does author Moore justify it? "The book is moralistic because, even with all its sexuality, it speaks against false sex, grabbing what you can get. It makes a plea for healthy normal sex. I condemn the perversion and hedonism of society. My books counter sex for titillation, which is completely demoralizing."

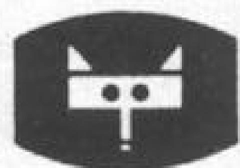
Author Moore's no-sex book, "Chocolates for Breakfast" sold a million hard cover and paperback copies in 11 languages and in France was considered very moral because the characters were unhappy. Her latest effort should do even better in all countries, since the characters are not only unhappy, but doing plenty of indoor exercise at all kinds of odd hours to forget their troubles. Nice work, if you can get it?

HENRY LEE, a feature writer for the *New York Daily News*, has written over 500 articles for national magazines and received a number of prizes. During last winter's newspaper strike, he was an editor for the substitute New York paper, and a long while ago collaborated with this columnist on the first article ever written about the death-dealing "staph" germs in hospitals. Now he's come out with a book you may have missed—or your local paper may have thought was not your dish of spirits. We guarantee you'll like it, because **HOW DRY WE WERE: PROHIBITION REVISITED** published by Prentice-Hall, is guaranteed to make anyone foolish enough to yearn for a return to the "dry" era do a complete turnabout or, at least, change his own drinking habits to the point where he can appreciate his freedom from wood alcohol, which is the best they had to drink in those bathtub gin days. That 13 years, ten months and 18 days of purgatory for America's great drinking glass was the longest, wettest, craziest, funniest, bloodiest adventure in reform in our country's history.

DID YOU EVER read a good mystery—even a factual one—but not know the reasons why the author latched on to it? Doubleday recently published **CHRONICLE OF A CRIME: THE LARRY LORD MOTHERWELL STORY** by Eleanor Dabrohua. You might say the book sounds like something from the writing lab of a criminologist, but Mrs. Dabrohua had never written before. She lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, with her husband, a retired Chicago ad executive. In August, 1958, he received an 80-word telegram, ostensibly from his sister, Mrs. Pearl Putney, a 72-year-old widow living in Washington. According to the wire, Mrs. Putney was to be married and, then, planned to take a long honeymoon cruise on her bridegroom's yacht. But the name of the bridegroom was not mentioned, arousing the Dabrohua's suspicions. They launched an investigation that ended with the finding of Mrs. Putney's body in California and the subsequent arrest and conviction of Larry Lord Motherwell, a 42-year-old, thrice-wed construction worker. Mrs. Dabrohua, assisted by Ray Brennan, a Chicago newsman, wrote this book on the case. Sadly but amusingly, as a result of the publicity about her part in the case, she has been the recipient of information for another book, if she wants to try her hand at it, from other women, most of them elderly, who have been duped by fortune-hunting con artists. An old story, but new every time it's written about.

GROVE PRESS, whose Henry Miller and William Burroughs books have stirred up plenty of censorship controversy, now has another author—Dacia Maraini, a young

(Continued on page 80)

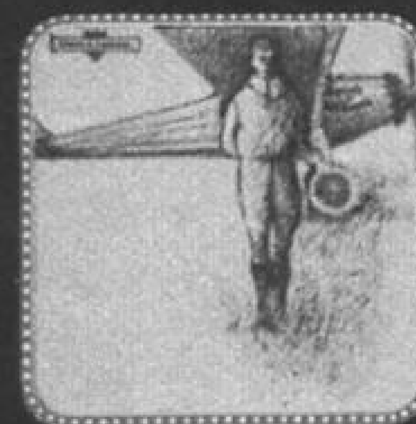


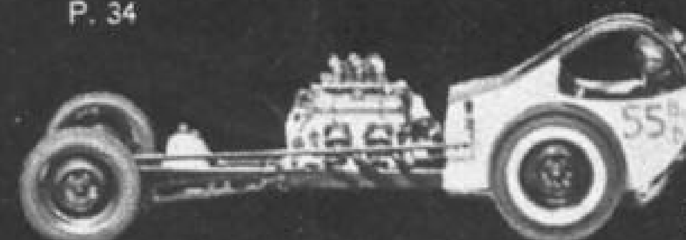
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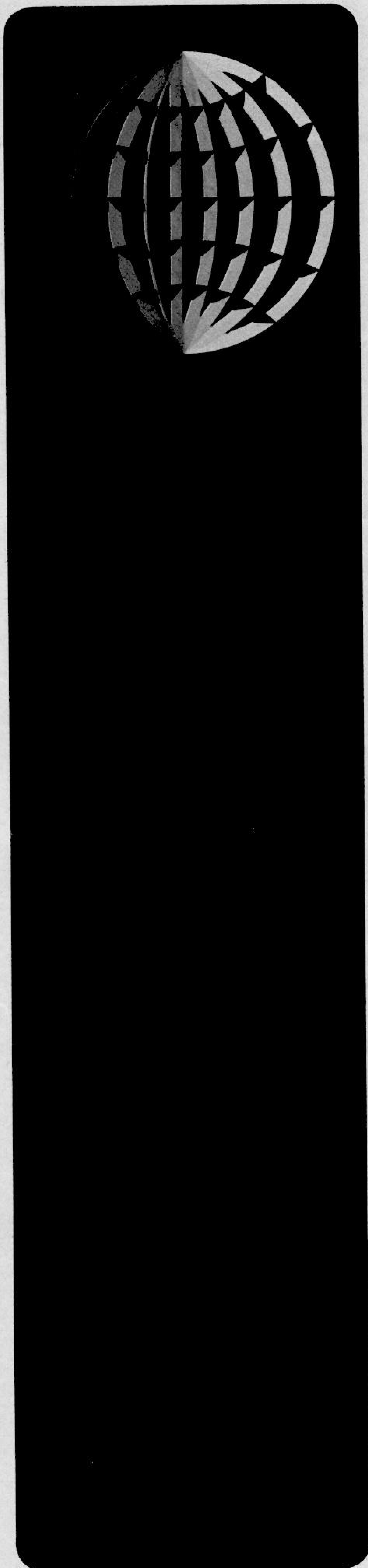
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P. 27



BESTER'S WORLD

(Even Alfie finds it hard to conceal his sentimental side when it comes to tearing down one of New York's oldest and best loved façades to make way for progress)

THERE'S NO ONE LIKE YOU

THE OLD Metropolitan Opera House is another victim of obsolescence, a word which, in America, seems to be almost as damning as "communist." The Met is moving to shiny new quarters in Lincoln Center. I have no doubt that they'll be modern and efficient, but they can't possibly radiate the glamor of the old house on Broadway and 39th which has been a center of the entertainment business since 1883, long before movies, radio, and TV were ever dreamed of.

I came to opera late in life. When I was in college I used to super in touring opera companies for a dollar a night, but I quit because the stage manager would never let you hang around the wings to watch the performance. He always kicked me downstairs to the cellar where the chorus was playing poker.

Walter Abel reports that he had the same discouraging experience when he was a kid supering at the Met; but what broke his spirit was the night he was dressing the stage as a soldier in "Aida." He was leaning on his spear, minding his own business, when Caruso crossed in front of him and deftly kicked the butt of the spear from under him. Abel fell flat on his face. Pinching bottoms wasn't Caruso's only form of mischief.

I became an opera buff in my early thirties and spent many happy evenings at the Met, so I went down to the old house for a farewell backstage tour, talking to prop men, electricians, singers, front office men, and so on. You might be interested, first, in a breakdown of the budget of an opera performance. I know I am. I always want to know what things cost.

An average single performance at the Met costs around $30,000. This breaks down to $6000 for principals and conductor, $2500 for the orchestra, and $2500 for the chorus and ballet; around $11,000 for talent. Stagehands, props, electricians, theatrical hauling, maintenance and management come close to $20,000. In opera talent costs less than labor, and just for laughs let me add that Grand Rights, or composers' royalties, average $130 per performance.

A sold-out house grosses around $20,000. Add other income from recording royalties, radio broadcasts, and so on, and your bring it up to $25,000, which means that the Met is guaranteed a $5,000 deficit every time it rings up the curtain. It's hoped that the new quarters in Lincoln Center will cut that deficit.

The old house which all patrons love is hated by the performers. It's a monstrous barn, too big for any voice to fill, its auditorium marred by "blind" and "deaf" spots. The stage has dead areas, too, where a singer can hardly make himself heard. These plague spots are carefully avoided by the principals, to the despair of stage directors who are trying to move them around dramatically.

Up in the tailor shop, where costumes are sewn on dress forms ranging from size 42 (Bust-42, Waist-34, Hips-44) for the mastodon-type divas to a size 7 for a tiny ballerina, they explained that some singers insist on loose costumes, with as much as six inches allowed for diaphragm expansion. Others insist on skin-tight costumes, not to display their figures but for the support it gives. This is why many tenors wear girdles; it isn't just vanity, it's buttressing.

Down in the cluttered prop room I asked the head of the prop department if singers gave him any trouble.

"Well, some are pretty rough. Like some tenors—when they're supposed to drink a toast, they don't just put the goblet down, they toss it into the wings. We have to stand there and try to catch them. Talking about wings, Caruso, when he was waiting to go on, used to draw caricatures of the cast on the backs of the flats. We got an old "Madame Butterfly" set somewheres all covered with his drawings. Somebody could make a fortune, cutting them out and selling them."

I asked about other idiosyncrasies of singers.

"Well, it seems like props aren't kosher unless the stars come down and move them. When we did "Traviata" last year and I set up the second-act summerhouse scene, Madame Tebaldi, she come down and moved the furniture around some. Then she went up to her dressing room and the tenor come down and moved them some more. Then he went up and the baritone—he come down and moved them again. They just got to touch them."

I repeated a story Milton Cross had told me about the Met being forced to nail a chair into place in "La Boheme" because Grace Moore had been raising hell about Jan Kiepura moving it so he could upstage her.

"Oh sure, but it never works. Take the first time Callas sang 'Norma'. She moved the props around, so we chalked

(Concluded on page 73)

BASIC BLOCH

(Yes sir, television will be bigger and better than ever this year, according to Bob Bloch. So tune in your tubes and get ready for . . . Lights! Camera! Boredom!!)

SEASON'S GREETINGS

THE NEW 1963-64 television season is almost upon us, and that's good news for every Seeing Eye dog in the country.

Out here in Hollywood, the "trades" are filled with announcements of new shows, and the smog is thick with rumors about changes in old, established programs. But if one is careful to separate the wheat from the chaff, one is left with quite a handful of what turns out to be 100 percent pure chaff.

First and foremost, the coming season will mark a trend towards greater length. Some of the half-hour shows are being expanded to an hour, and many of the hour shows will go to an hour and a half. If the innovation proves successful, you will be seeing a lot of competition for "The Virginian." In the works are "The New Hampshirite," laid in Texas, "The Connecticuter," about a man in Utah, and "The South Dakotan," set in North Dakota (where else?).

Actually, the hour and a half format offers great new possibilities for established programs which will expand to that length. It means, for example, that Perry Mason will be able to ask for a retrial on a difficult case. The popular shows which now feature a family of four sons can join the population-explosion trend and bring us a family of six sons. Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare will have a chance to perform longer operations. "Sing Along With Mitch," for another example, will offer full operas.

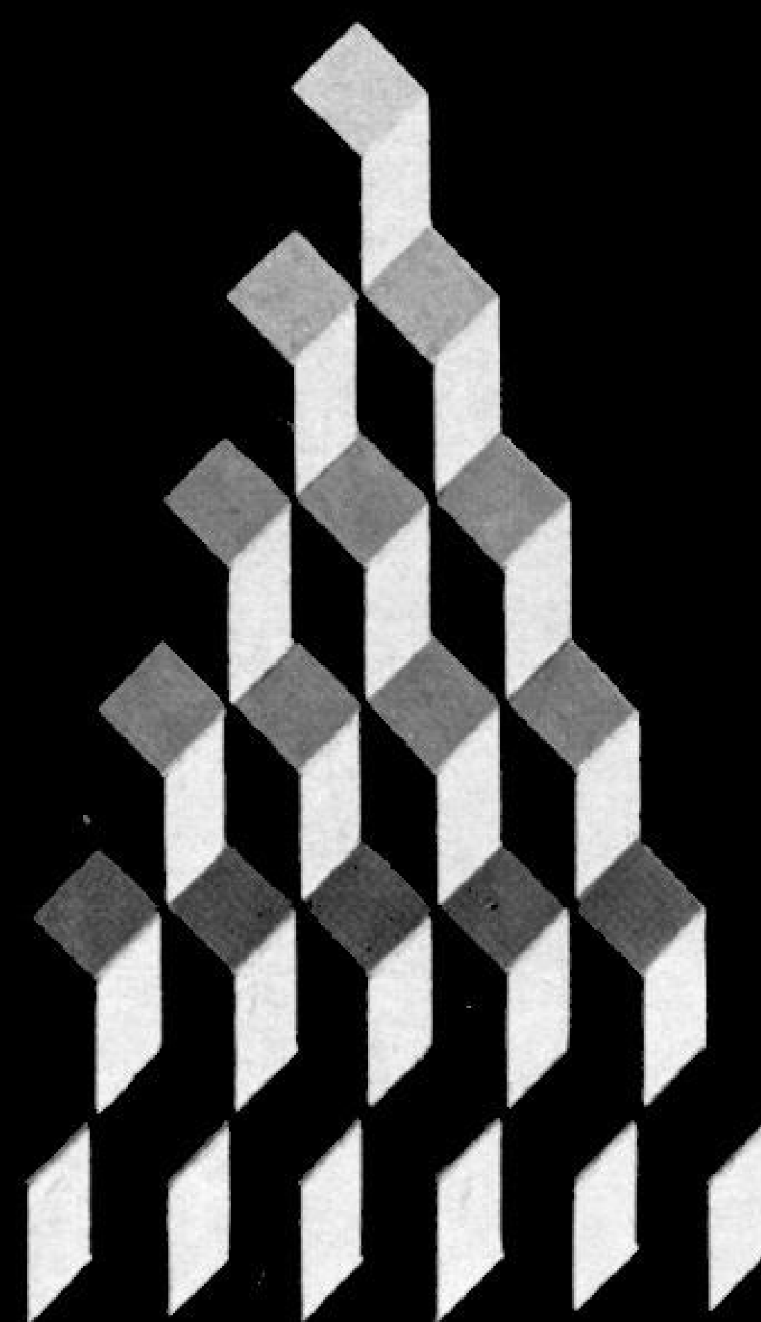
There is also a possibility that one of my own shows will reach the air—combining the successful medical program with the equally popular quiz program. It will feature a panel made up of physicians (my tentative lineup calls for such eminent medicos as Dr. Crippen, Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Castro and Dr. Fu Manchu) who will meet a different guest contestant each week. Title of the show: "What's My Disease?"

Some of the standard programs will return unchanged to the airwaves. "Frontier Rabbi" is coming back, and "Naked City" continues its account of life in a nudist colony. Contrary to gossip, "Lights Out" will not be revived, because of pressure from the Electric Company. As a matter of fact, there will be no horror shows on the air at all—not intentionally, anyway. Sponsors have detected a trend against such material and much prefer to buy spot announcements during the running of old movies, such as the popular series of horror films.

Other shows will be pure novelty entertainment. I imagine there will be at least one such show built around Bob Hope, with special guest stars Bing Crosby and Jack Benny. There may also be a Bing Crosby special, with special guest stars Jack Benny and Bob Hope. I hear Jack Benny may put on a special, too, if the masterminds can get hold of the right special guest stars. They're working on it now.

Actually, of course, television will continue to exert its same old magic and transport us to the fabulous world of the commercial. Once again we can sit back and relax in a land of enchantment where everybody drinks cheap wine and green beer and no one ever gets smashed or even burps, let alone gets sick . . . that happy realm where everyone smokes and no one coughs . . . the world of lovely, sunlit, modern, white suburban houses whose inhabitants (fresh-faced young matrons who gave up their acting and modeling careers to marry some slob like you, but still retain perfect figures and perfect diction) can banish dirt in an instant merely by pouring some gunk on the offending spot, or cure any headache or brain concussion in eight seconds after swallowing a tablet that works *better than,* to say nothing of *faster than.* A world where all kids enunciate clearly, smile brightly, and scamper the hell off camera the moment it's time for "Mom" to hold up the product and start pitching about its merits. A world where Dad comes home from the office (the Casting Office, that is) grumpy as a bear, but is transformed into a boyish, laughing suitor once more, right after the little woman heats up a can of delicious, precooked Swill.

There's escape and release waiting for all of us in spotless Spotland, where well groomed hair falls instantly into place, acne disappears in a single wipe-dissolve, and there's never a hint of perspiration odor. And so, as cute, cuddly animated animals dance and sing around rolls of toilet paper and adorable little cartoon men save fortunes on gas, oil and car insurance, we will slide out from under the wheels of our cars (why drive, when the fellas in the commercials are the only ones who are allowed to do 90 on a broad, clean stretch of highway where there are never any other cars to create a traffic jam?) and squat down before the tube for another season of euphoric entertainment. 





"WHY I AM TWO MEN . . ."

In which Mario Moreno (Cantinflas) objectively examines his comedic image with results that are insightful, to say the very least.

LAUGHTER is so many things. The chuckle, the grin, the snicker, smile, giggle and belly laugh. I know all of these through a very close friend of

ARTICLE BY CANTINFLAS

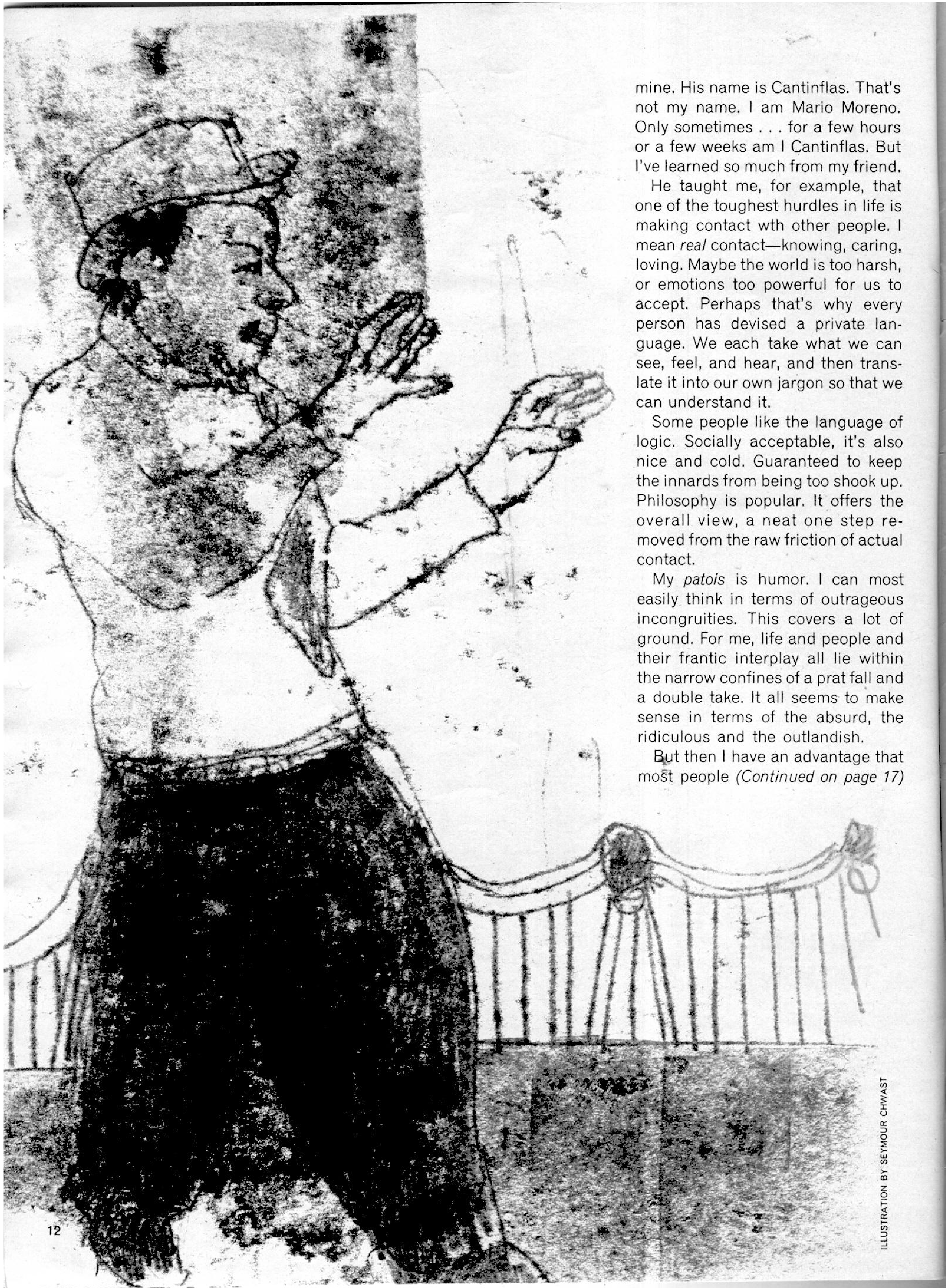


"WHY I AM TWO MEN..."

In which Mario Moreno (Cantinflas) objectively examines his comedic image with results that are insightful, to say the very least.

LAUGHTER is so many things. The chuckle, the grin, the snicker, smile, giggle and belly laugh. I know all of these through a very close friend of

ARTICLE BY CANTINFLAS



mine. His name is Cantinflas. That's not my name. I am Mario Moreno. Only sometimes . . . for a few hours or a few weeks am I Cantinflas. But I've learned so much from my friend.

He taught me, for example, that one of the toughest hurdles in life is making contact wth other people. I mean *real* contact—knowing, caring, loving. Maybe the world is too harsh, or emotions too powerful for us to accept. Perhaps that's why every person has devised a private language. We each take what we can see, feel, and hear, and then translate it into our own jargon so that we can understand it.

Some people like the language of logic. Socially acceptable, it's also nice and cold. Guaranteed to keep the innards from being too shook up. Philosophy is popular. It offers the overall view, a neat one step removed from the raw friction of actual contact.

My *patois* is humor. I can most easily think in terms of outrageous incongruities. This covers a lot of ground. For me, life and people and their frantic interplay all lie within the narrow confines of a prat fall and a double take. It all seems to make sense in terms of the absurd, the ridiculous and the outlandish.

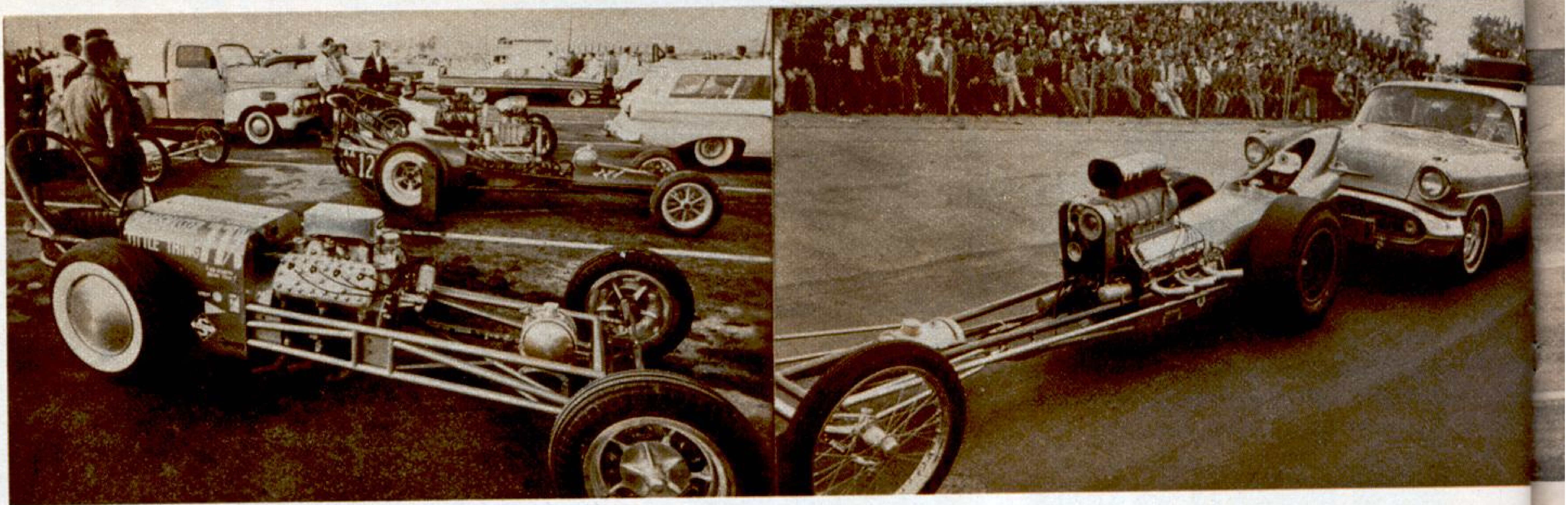
But then I have an advantage that most people *(Continued on page 17)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR CHWAST



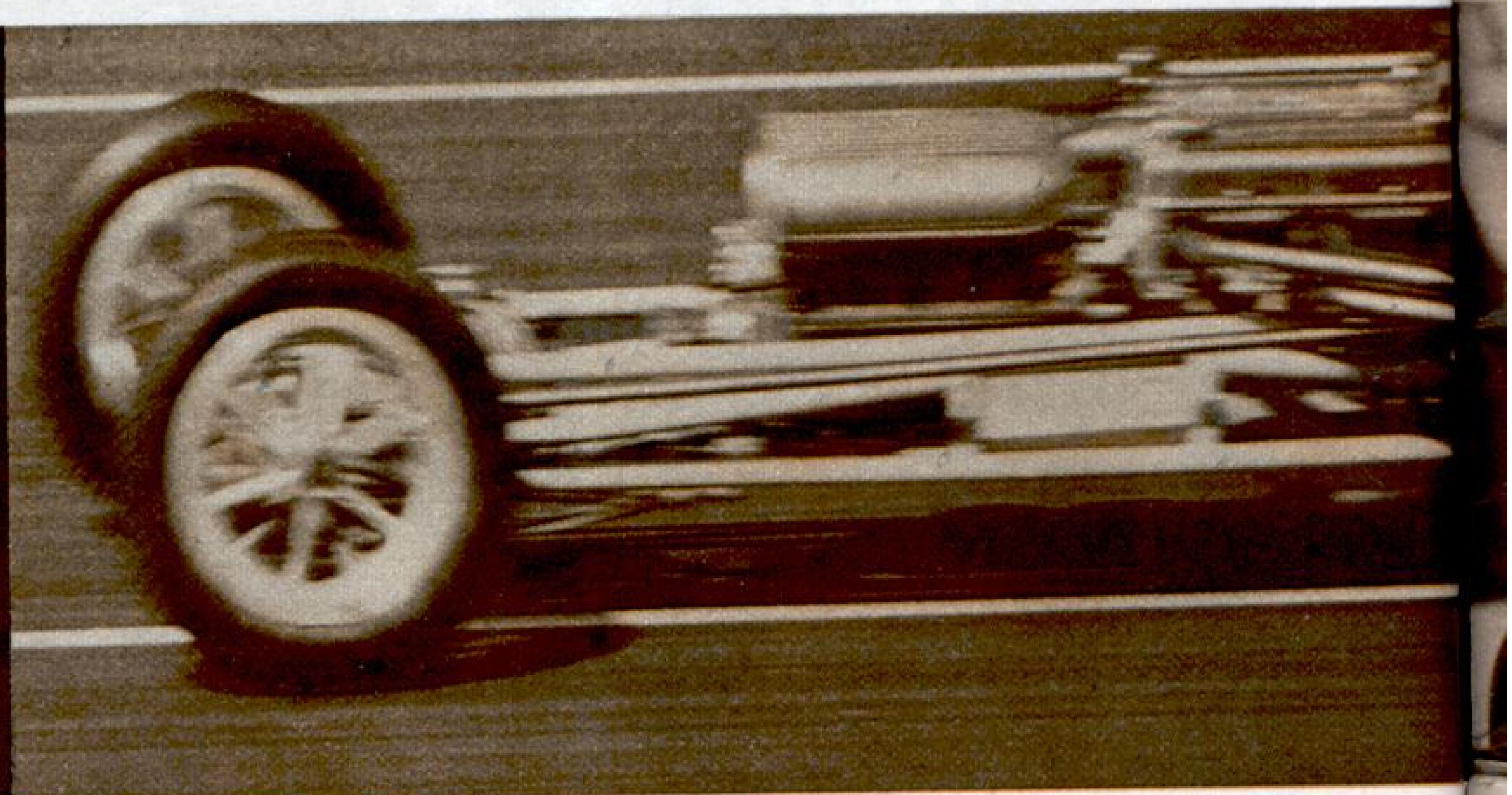
"The Doc's getting awfully rundown—maybe we ought to start paying him with money *. . ."*

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION

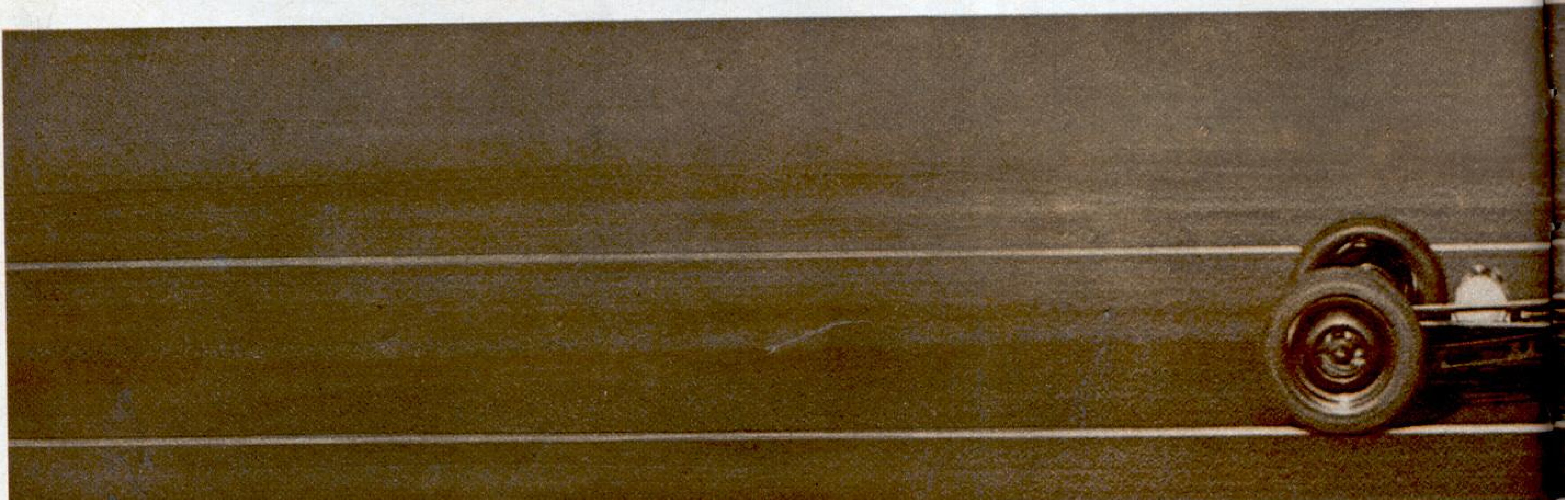


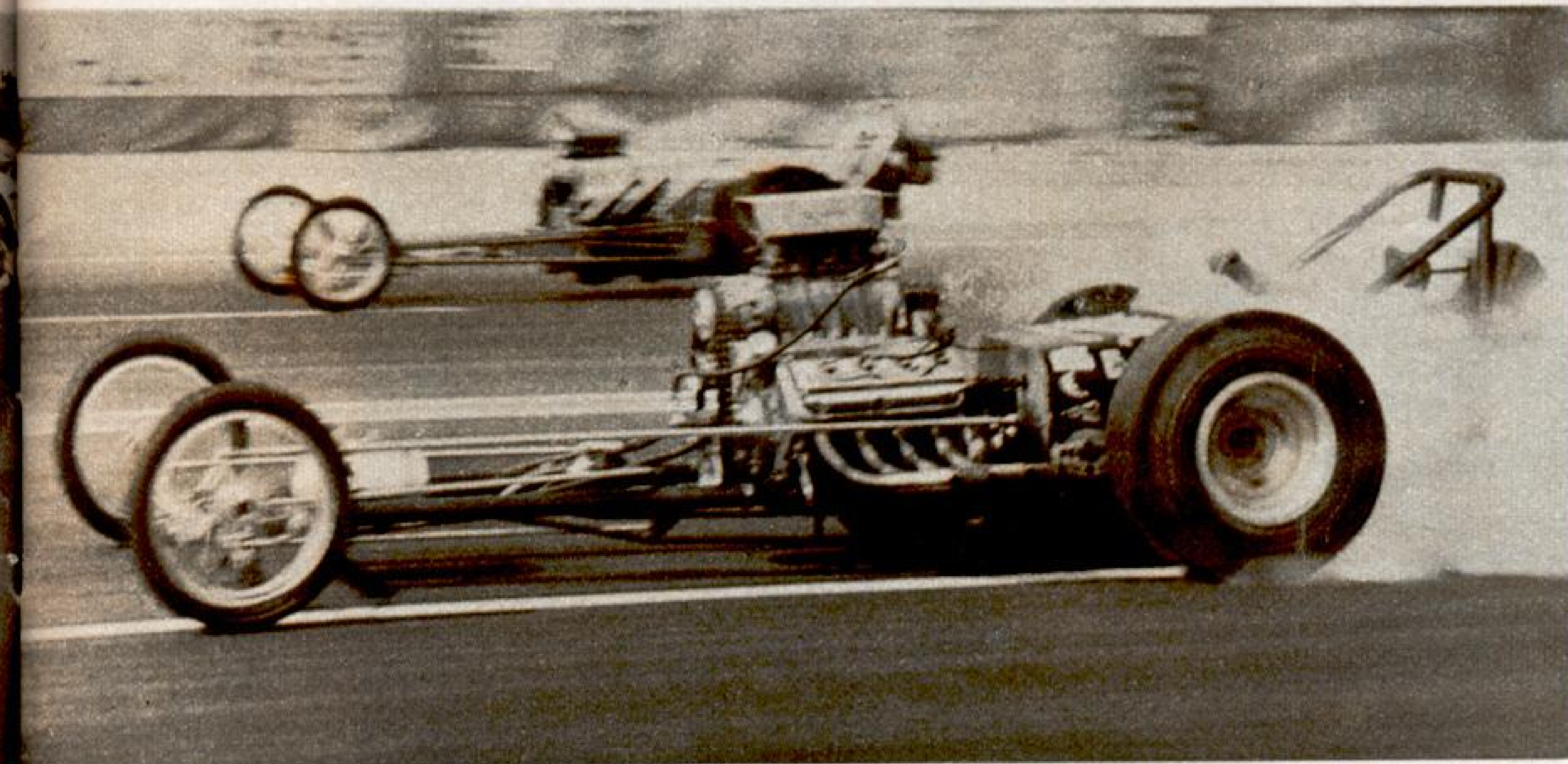
. . . call them slingshots, call them dragsters, call them rail jobs, call them b

A rail job is designed to get as much weight as possible over the rear wheels, getting more "bite" from the drive wheels with their "big slick" tires. Spoked front wheels (usually magnesium) lift completely off the ground on take-off. Unnecessary items like starters and cooling systems are scrapped to cut weight—dragsters get push starts. Required roll bars are built in as parts of the chassis.



because these magnificent machines, designed and driven with only one





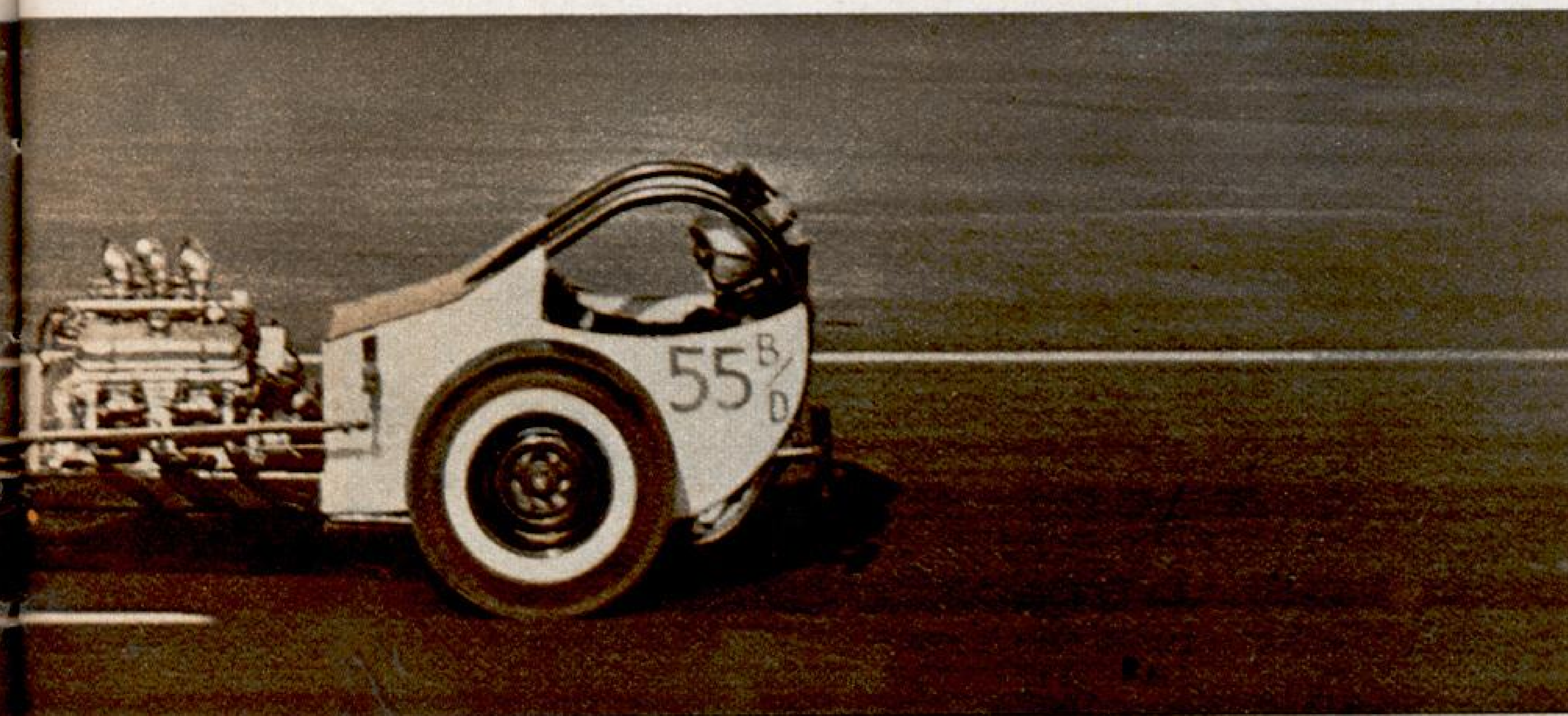
Slingshots are divided into many classes, depending on engine size, etc. Chassis may be purchased or home-made. Top choice in engines is late-model Chevy V8, bored and stroked to larger internal dimensions, fed from a forward-mounted fuel tank through multiple "pots" or "jugs" (carbs at left) or belt- (center) or chain-driven (right) "blower."

by any name you prefer . . . but don't call them a menace to the community

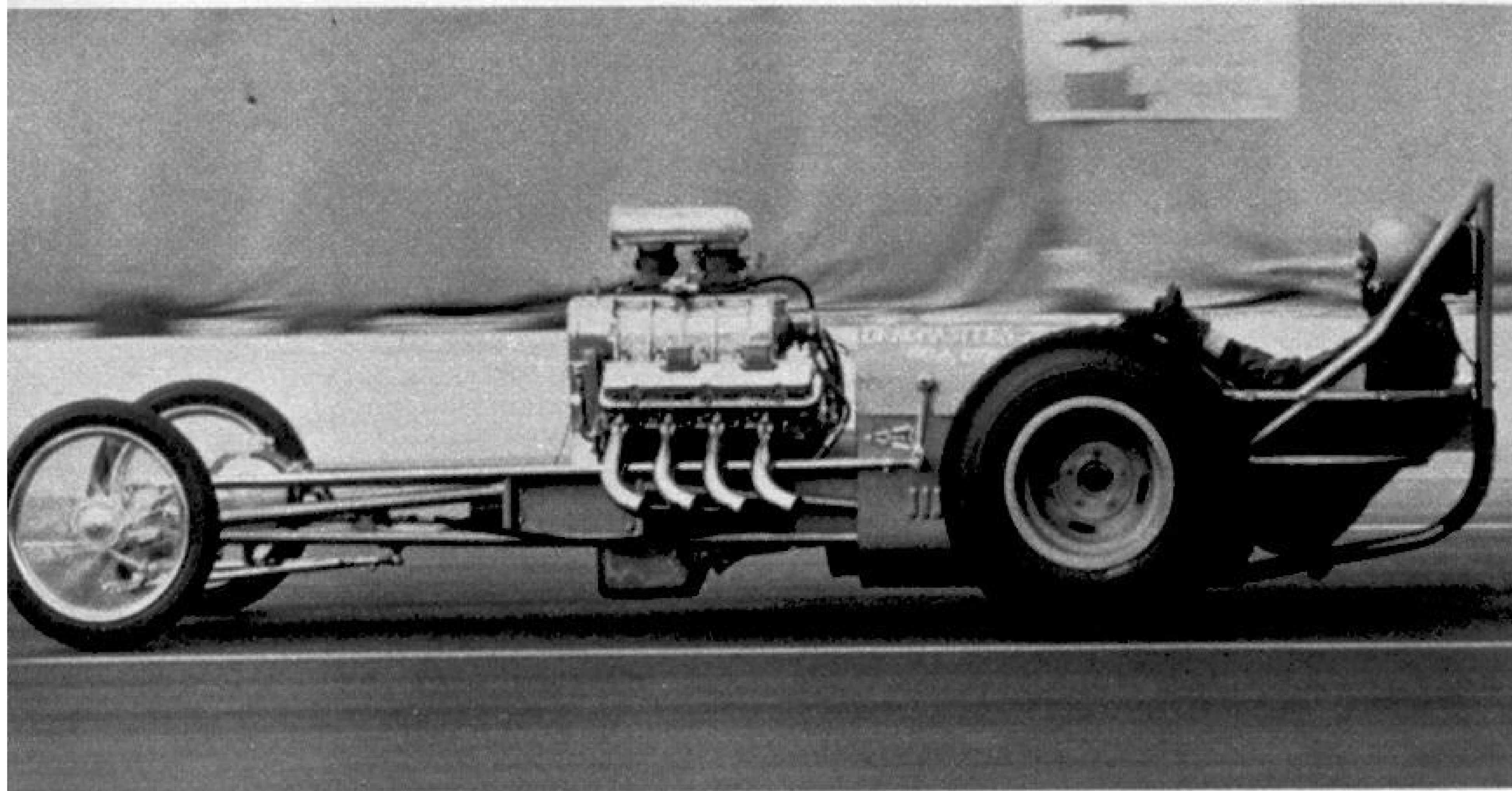




purpose in mind—to out-accelerate the competition—never, absolutely never,

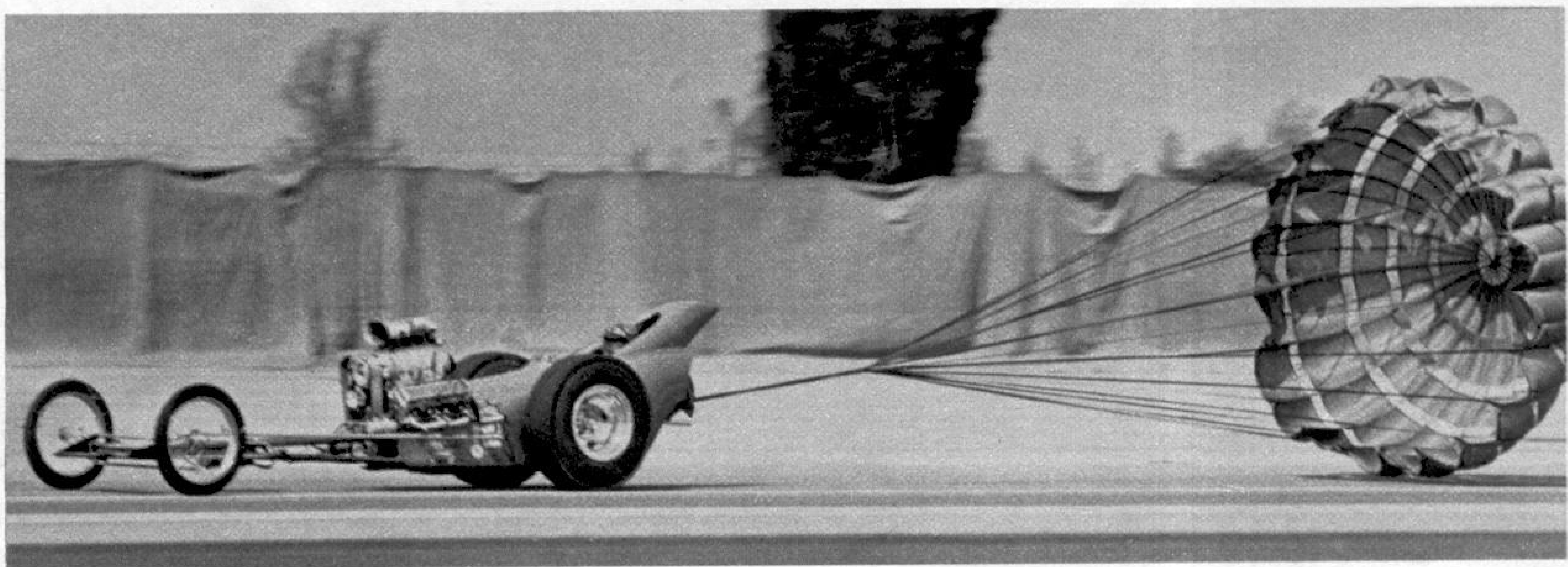


The drag strip is exactly a quarter of a mile long, and a typical acceleration trial may take a dozen seconds—still, a slingshot builder may burn up several "mills" (engines) in the course of a season. Biggest events are the National Hot Rod Association's Labor Day Nationals (recently held just outside Chicago) and the Winternationals in California, where these shots were taken. Cars are built for one purpose only—speed and acceleration.



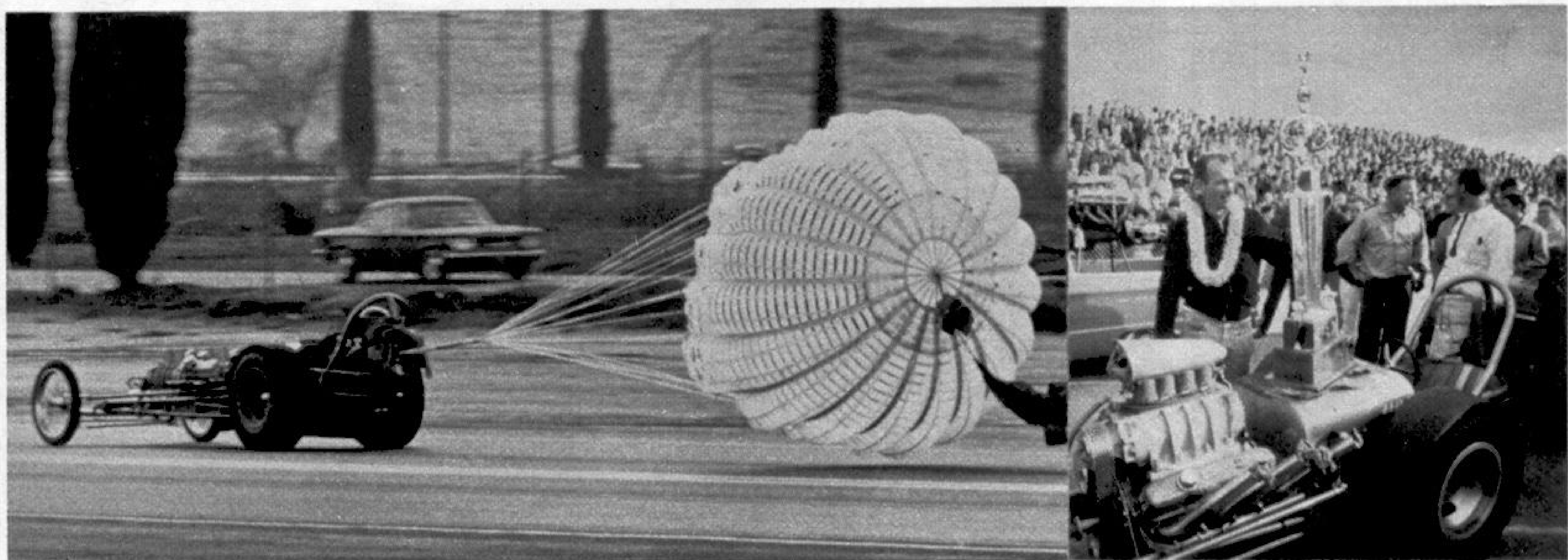
Top speeds of the biggest dragsters are now in the neighborhood of 190 mph and constantly being pushed higher. Brakes, usually on rear wheels only, aren't enough to stop the machines in the limited space available, so drag chutes are used, snapping open as cars cross the quarter-mile line and trip the electronic time-clocks. Winner gets cash and merchandise in addition to usual trophies.

get into trouble with the local men in blue . . . for here is what drag



racing, our nation's <u>fastest</u> pastime, is really all about . . .





Cantinflas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

don't possess Cantinflas. He's the one who can double talk his way out of utter chaos or twitch the fragile strands of nonsense until they verge on pathos. Because of him, I am both participant and onlooker. You see, like all performers whose alter ego takes on substance, I live with a strange and completely delightful schizophrenia.

IT'S HARD to pinpoint just when Cantinflas came into being. Actually, he wasn't born . . . he gradually took shape. At that time, although my parents, at great sacrifice, had managed to get me into medical school, I had left and become a *carpero,* a singer and dancer in a carpa or tent show. I guess the closest North American equivalent would be a rag taggle tent show.

Inside the faded moth-eaten canvas the performances were rough and bawdy. The audiences were even tougher. The *rapport* between performer and audience was neither delicate nor sophisticated. If they liked you, you knew it. The patrons pounded on the wood benches, whistled and bellowed their approval. And if they weren't with you, you could get an empty tequila bottle hurled with deadly accuracy from the back of the tent.

That's where Cantinflas learned to talk. I went on one night and suddenly felt the full impact of stage fright. Momentarily, I was completely paralyzed. Then Cantinflas took over and began to talk. Frantically, wildly, he poured out words on top of words . . . nonsense, foolishness, meaningless gibberish. Anything to stave off attack from the other side of the footlights. It worked! Stunned by the barrage of sound, pulled completely off balance by the impossibility of making any sense out of it, the patrons were silent. Then they laughed. Quite probably, at that moment, as the waves of laughter mounted in intensity and poured over the stage, I knew that *this was for me.*

It's ironic that the frantic solution to the utter panic of stage fright should become a part of the Spanish language. The verb *cantinflear* now means to talk much and yet say little. I like the noun *cantinflas* even better. It means lovable clown.

The name, incidentally, was plucked out of the air. Remember that *carperos* were nudging bottom on the social scale. We weren't even allowed to play the grubbiest of the permanent theaters in the most run-down section of town. The managers were afraid we would give their establishments a bad name. Worse yet, they lived in terror that devoted tent-show fans might transfer their patronage and wreck the place in an exhibition of critical judgment. There was small cause for concern. I doubt if the entire audience of a tent-show performance could raise the price of a ticket to a real theatre.

To hide my identity and spare my parents the shame of finding out what I was doing for a living, I took a stage name. After all, my family may have been poor, but they did have pride.

The exterior appearance—the trademark of Cantinflas—took shape during that same period. He simply adopted the attire of the average laborer. Costume selection was also influenced by economy. Out of the rag bag came a flannel undershirt that had once been white, pants that were tattered, battered and patched, plus shoes better fitted for a hippopotamus. Topping the entire effect was a huge floppy hat, obviously a hand-me-down from a dispirited *borro.*

The face of Cantinflas has always remained the same for he is ageless. In a round, deceptively cherubic countenance, the nose is really too small for the full, expressive mouth. On the upper lip, two tag ends of a mustache drift like a pair of dark and displaced eyebrows. There has been a valiant attempt to slick down a shock of dark hair. Considering the final effect, he needn't have bothered. Also, he could do with a shave.

He's a free soul in a frantic world. Innocent eyed and floppy shoed, he saunters through situations that would bug a philosopher. And yet in a strange way, he copes. More important, for the brief period he's there, Cantinflas can give and accept love. He's welcome for he offers the rich gift of laughter. Momentarily, he can block off the grimness of the world.

But that's not my personality. *Not really.*

In my own summation, I tend to be too solemn, quiet and withdrawn. This doesn't last for long. Cantinflas lives in my house. I don't have to go to the movies to be cheered by him. And when I go to a party, a strange thing usually happens. People who don't know me imagine that I'll be telling jokes, double talking and making everyone laugh. I don't. I'm not like that. But part way through the evening, Cantinflas takes over. He's the one who knows how to make people happy. He's the fellow who can dance . . . not me. Suddenly, that wonderful fellow, that fanciful sprite makes the world seem good and full of fun. All at once, we all realize what a delight it is just being together and the party becomes a fine, swinging affair.

I've learned to accept this split. Even while I am Cantinflas, I can also withdraw a bit to watch and learn. I can sift the bits and pieces of his humor, dissect the elements of his appeal. As a comedian, my livelihood, my *raison d'être* depends upon the buffoonery of the absurd. In view of this, perhaps it won't seem too strange if I try to explain Cantinflas, his attitudes and his values in terms of laughter.

Laughter is the improbable raised to the possible. Here's how it works. Cantinflas spots a beautiful senorita. In the light of cold logic, what possible chance does he have to score with such a dish? What an unlikely pairing . . . this lovely female and a presumptuous buffoon. And yet, slowly, you realize that a love *is* growing between them. Underneath the unshaven exterior and the brash manner, the heart of a chivalrous gentleman pounds tumultuously. And slowly, slowly, the tenderness, concern and love within Cantinflas emerges. Even more slowly, the lovely young lady realizes the emotional depths that even double talk can't express.

Then, at one point, the transformation becomes complete. Underneath the humor of circumstances, we can actually believe that love has conquered. The shock of bitter incongruity has seeped away. The audience enters the wonderful world of fantasy. *Laughter is, also, the sudden awaking* . . . the rude yank back into reality.

Let's take the saga of Cantinflas and the Senorita one step further. Buoyed by his belief, sustained by his faith and urged upward by his assistance, the young girl wins success. And with this, the first rumblings of disaster begin. The world of created magic begins to evaporate and we are once more aware of the real world . . . a place of practicality with no room for child's games. The girl leaves . . . not unkindly and certainly with regret, but she discards the last fragments of fantasy. We see, once again, how the situation is really completely improbable.

Although we may have an underlying feeling of unfairness, we're forced to concede that it has been, at best, a brief interlude . . . an episode utterly out of tune with reality. So the girl goes off and Cantinflas is once more alone. Harsh? Cruel? Well, what's so gentle about the world? But there's a *coda* still to be played. For humor is another thing.

Laughter is hope. Just around the corner there's another girl waiting . . . another hope . . . another dream. Just around the corner is another chance that may, somehow, turn out differently. You see, Cantinflas has been saddened, but not really hurt. He, too, knew it wasn't completely real. The bill has come due and, with empty pockets, he moves on. But he hasn't

been duped or taken or even partially destroyed. Far from it. And the reason is simple.

Next time, it may be different. Next time, it may be real. Even more important is another facet. Yes, he's lost the girl, but he's really won. In the process of caring for her, in being able to help her, he's grown a little bit. He squares his hat, adjusts the coil of rope dangling over his shoulder and moves on . . . maybe a foot or so taller than he was before.

Laughter is a sunny child. Drifting with only the impetus of fate, Cantinflas doesn't have the vaguest idea of the misfortunes waiting to clobber him. And yet, in his open innocence, he has the ability to completely disintegrate convention, leaving behind a shattered mass of quaking, useless rituals and false values.

Laughter is sadness made bearable. Example: Cantinflas talks (or double talks) himself into a job for which he has absolutely no qualifications. He's exuberant. It's a huge step forward. A chance to rise from poverty . . . to acquire money and social prestige. But the job does not go well. He dodges, twists, connives and maneuvers to stave off the disaster of failure. In the process, of course, he neatly manages to wreck the facilities and sanity of the entire business concern. Eventually, the point comes when his boss can be buffaloed no longer. Cantinflas is tossed into the street once more.

His dreams of grandeur are shattered. But, somehow, it's not stark tragedy. As he slowly treads down the street, he picks a flower or spots a pretty girl and (like that!) he's bouncing again. There will be another job, another opportunity. In the meantime, he's living.

CANTINFLAS TALKS his way out of impossible situations with gobbledygook, non sequiturs, high sounding words inserted with total disregard for context, puns, rambling unfinished sentences and unmitigated nonsense. He spews forth this torrent of language with his own brand of body english. His huge hands can seem fragile as he illustrates a delicate point. His small nose twitches impatiently while his wide, full mouth mugs extravagantly. His eyes can register any emotion from deep concern to wild exuberance but, mostly, they convey the bland assurance that, no matter what you think, all is well.

Although he can create a tottering framework of idiocy around any incident, the situations facing Cantinflas are usually those that also beset the average man. Domestic problems, friction with relatives, elaborate misunderstandings with the police, involved dealings with his boss. Even the simple act of taking a pair of shoes to the shoemaker can't remain simple. Invariably, something goes wrong. Cantinflas is left in the desperate position of trying to explain just how it happened that he stepped on the policeman's hat, dribbled chili on his boss's shirt or brought an entire production line to a standstill. But then his best gambit is talk.

Laughter is revolt. This takes some explaining. Remember that Cantinflas has come through the Mexican revolution of 1917, and the battles to establish democracy in my country were violently akin to the Revolutionary War that your ancestors knew. So see it against this background. Among many other things, it meant that the average Mexican, for the first time in his history, emerged with a sense of national dignity.

Before the revolution, the peasant had little reason for ambition beyond his survival in the immediate future. Now he's a citizen! He elects the officials who run his nation. He has civil rights and, with these, the dignity of an individual. For the first time, a laborer can rise from pick and shovel to a white-collar job. Slowly, slowly, there is the emergence of a middle class in Mexico. Just as slowly, the peon is clawing his way into these exalted ranks.

Such a man is Cantinflas. In Latin America, he's regarded as a *pelado.* Don't bother reaching for the Spanish dictionary. Literally, the word means "hairless one" and it is, of course, an idiom. Actually he's every man . . . *with chili.*

Probably the closest description would be a lovable but fighting underdog. The balance sheet would contain such items as: Education—cursory; Wit—enormous; Social position—virtually none; Cunning—formidable; Heart—big and soft and open. These are not grab-bag qualities. The *pelado* thrives in the big cities of Mexico. Born in the slums, broke most of his life, utterly bereft of influence, he's fighting his way up the social scale. But make no mistake about these fellows. They are the tomorrow of Mexico.

Laughter is a subtle nuance. It is one short step beyond the barely plausible.

Laughter is topical and yet timeless. In the case of my friend, the humor often relates to events and attitudes currently prevalent in Mexico. Whatever the situation, Cantinflas is the bulwark of consistency in a world that often seems to verge on the insane. Through all of this he is swept along by the tide of circumstance. And he floats. When the waves have receded, Cantinflas emerges a little wiser and a bit tumbled, but unscathed.

Laughter is warmth. Poke fun at a man and he'll hate you. How else should a man feel if you hold him up to the wide, wide screen and exclaim, "What a silly little oaf you are!" But shift position, and the whole *milieu* changes. Now you can say, "Look fellow, I'm just like you. I look like you do, think as you do, come from the same background. I have your hopes, your dreams, your fears and your problems." Now you can say, "What a crazy world we live in. Just see the foolish, funny things that happen to us." I guess all this leads up to another point.

Laughter is identity: Cantinflas shares this quality with most of the truly great comedians. Chaplin, an artist of tremendous insight and sensitivity is best known as a wispy, wiry gamin with a nervous mustache and an india rubber cane. He wears the tattered rags of his costume with an air of sartorial splendor. Just watch him neatly adjust his frayed lapels with a total disregard for the rips and tears or the pants that drape casually like a tired beagle. But as blatantly foolish as the man may appear to be, one other quality comes across. Under the disreputable finery dwells a knight. And this is basically his theme. Outraged chivalry jousting against the barricades of convention and conformity. His battle cry is a poignant plea for love, for acceptance.

I don't think for one moment Chaplin expects his audience to identify with the foolish, fanciful exterior of the Little Tramp. But his soul and his heart are the soul and heart of every man. His longings are universal, his message the language of all men.

By the same token, no Frenchman will ever admit that he shares a common innocence and intellectual sluggishness with the character Fernandel often portrays. However, beyond that oversized, expressive face they recognize the same cleverness they feel is in them. They are fighting with him. The underdog battling a hostile world. They can understand a virtually unarmed warrior who is seeking chinks in the massive facade of the society opposing him.

I think, if you'll stop to consider it, you will find that this same quality—a close identity to very real people—is a part of every comedian who has won the hearts of his countrymen.

For this reason I don't really understand what's known as the "stand-up" school of comedy, so much in vogue today. This is the school of raw humor . . . not dirty, you understand, but rather naked. It is blasted out across the footlights without the warmth, the *simpático,* of characterization. Humor is only real and valid when it makes intimate contact with the

(Concluded on page 80)



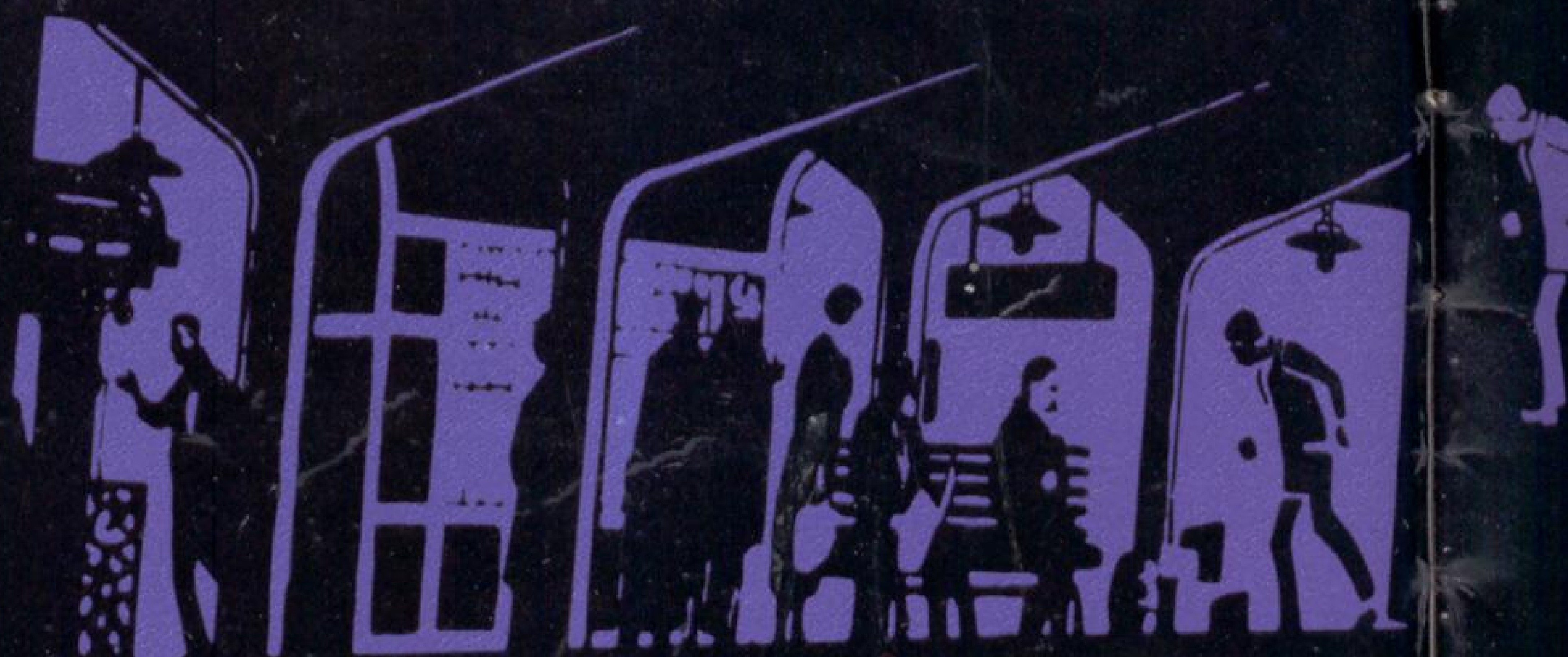
"No, no! I said we'll have to start doing some luffing!"

THE PATTERN-MAKER

Ever feel forced to step on a crack in the pavement, knock wood, or count telephone poles? Beware of this story! . . . fiction by

BORDEN DEAL

I knew it was going to be a bad day from the beginning. I did all right with the getting up and the dressing and the making of the coffee and the toast. In fact, everything was progressing with exceptional smoothness, one action clicking into the next, with my spirits rising all the time though I hadn't let me tell myself, yet, that a red-letter day was in the making. □ Then I stepped across the threshold of my apartment. I tried to stop in the instant of stepping but it was too late because where is the difference between the impulse and the action? I had put my right foot across the lintel before the left foot. □ I stopped. I stood there trembling. I went back to the bedroom and sat down, putting my face into my hands and feeling the day turn black and red around me. I tried to fight it off but there was no use in that. I knew it was Thursday. On Thursday I had to step left-footed through all entrances and exits. And I had stepped right-footed. □ I don't even know how long I sat there; that's danger-




ron bradford

ous, too, allowing yourself a hiatus of indefinite duration that hasn't been planned and accounted for in advance. But I couldn't help it. That's the way it is, you see; you can be going along perfectly, just on the edge of saying, "Well, it's going to be a red-letter one," when they throw you off balance and then they've got you.

Finally I took my face out of my shaking hands and sat up straight on the bed. All right, I told myself with fierceness and determination. Where the hell are we? Where the hell are we now?

MY NAME is Bob Snyder, I'm a subway rider, I weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds. I live on the West Side, I work down on Wall Street, I travel there all underground. My hair, it is dark and my eyes, they are blue, I'm five feet eleven and two. Today, it is Thursday, I've broken the pattern, now what the hell can I do?

I felt better when the internal orientation had sung me up out of the utter collapse. At least I was still whole in body and mind; the chicken-lickin' world had not fallen in on my silly pate. I stood still for a moment, considering.

Then I began, as best I could, to track myself backward to the moment of awakening. You can't really do that, of course. An approximation is the best you can manage. How can you uneat toast, how can you undrink coffee and put it back into the pot and then take it dry out of the pot and put it back into the can? How can you reverse the physiological processes, turning your heartbeat around as though driving a rental car backward to take off a few miles before you turn it in at the garage? You live forward all the ding-dong time.

I did the best I could, all the way back to undressing and getting into bed and closing my eyes. Then I got up again and made the bed four-square, using the exact twenty-one movements, and thus began the day again. I worked all the way up to stepping across the threshold and this time I put the left foot first, like you're supposed to on Thursdays.

Of course it was not enough. You must do something positive to counteract a mistake like that. I knew, for instance, that I couldn't go to the office today. It would be necessary to devote the whole day to recovering the ground I had lost and the office would be too much of a distraction. I maintained the pattern in the office, as I did everywhere and all the time. I had to do that. But at the office I not only had to maintain the pattern; I had to cover it up at the same time under a show of randomness so no one would know what I was doing. One of my co-workers asked me one day, "Bob, why do you always go to the water cooler exactly twelve minutes after the hour?" It scared me, I can tell you. It took me a week to get rid of him by setting him up for firing.

I went down the stairs stepping exactly in the places I always stepped and skipping the thirteenth riser from the top. I was so intent on not making another mistake that I was startled when Miss Heynie spoke to me. She nearly made me miss a step and I stopped, the hate rising up in me.

It crossed my mind, then. I could kill Miss Heynie, changing the day completely and releasing me from all patterns and allowing me to begin a whole new construction. I would be safe for a long time, then, because if you make a mistake while constructing new patterns you can incorporate the mistake into the pattern, thus isolating its malevolence.

I glanced quickly up and down the stairwell. There was no one except me and Miss Heynie. She stood in her doorway in her fat wrapper, watching me. She stayed home all day and all she ever did was watch television. She was old.

Miss Heynie had said, "Why, Mr. Snyder. You're fifteen minutes late today."

It infuriated me to be reminded by Miss Heynie of another place where I was off-pattern and vulnerable. I made myself smile at her. "Got a late start, that's all," I said cheerfully. "No harm done." But I knew better than that.

But, of course, killing her wouldn't do. It would only be a matter of personal gratification and there isn't any room for personal gratification in the pattern. It would be self-indulgence, and on this day of all days I could not afford it.

"You'll be late for work," she shouted after me as I went on down the stairs, sending a quiver of pure rage through me.

I called the office from the pay phone, telling them I was sick, and then I went out on the street. It was a lovely day. To my right was the river, and to my left the great human river that was Broadway though there were no white caps up here at 87th Street. It was backwater here. I hesitated between the two rivers, took three steps one way and three steps the other, the pattern for decision, and decided for the human river. Only the human river gives you an opportunity for setting yourself right with the world, of rectifying your mistakes and recovering the pattern and starting out all over again.

It would need a girl. I already knew that much. It was shaping up inside my head. A pretty girl, a lovely girl, a girl with black hair. Went down Broadway, met a dame, went up Broadway, all the same. Black hair and bright eyes. Wearing something white somewhere, her body under the clothes like something under the lid of a box that you've never opened but with good legs to give you a clue, like a brand name.

I was glad it would be a pretty girl this time. It's hell when they have to have a mole on their face, or a cocked eye, or something wrong like one leg half-an-inch shorter than the other. It's much better all around when they're pretty because the personal disgust doesn't get mixed up in it.

I went underground, making the pattern on the steps in spite of being jostled by a man coming up, talking to himself and not paying attention to where he was going. I didn't mind for I knew he was another who knew the truth. I stopped, staring after him, moved by an impulse to follow and tell him my trouble. But there was no freedom of action for today. I went on down and quickly counted the number of people waiting for the train. Seven of them. I shifted and maneuvered when the train slammed into the station so that I was the seventh through the door, managing to block the door so the old lady was left outside when the automatic doors slid violently together. I stood watching her fury as the train snatched me away.

I was beginning to be excited. Today was danger, of course, but where there's danger there's also opportunity. Maybe something inside me had deliberately made the mistake so I would have to face the danger of a disrupted pattern, all of it, the mistake too, a part of the larger pattern that I could discern only dimly through the haze of concentration on my own small part.

I sat down on a seat and stared out of the window. It was past the rush hour by now. We rocketed along, blasting at pleasingly regular intervals out of the darkness into the lighted squares of the station. It was express now, nonstop for Times Square. The people in the stations stood frozen in time as we whipped through their ken, their faces startled by my rattling rush of passage.

I got out when the train stopped and headed for the light of day. I came up, blinking like a mole, into the dirty hurrying street. Times Square whirled around me like a dervish. I didn't want here. I hurried off into a street going toward the library. Sixteen steps took me out of the vortex and then I could stroll.

I DON'T KNOW when it all started. Maybe the first time I noticed that each side of my playpen had the same number of colored

(Continued on page 31)

1763 ORDER OF THE BATH 1963

NOSTALGIA



Check the financial condition of a country, claim the economists, and you can predict whether women will wear their skirts long or short, whether they will bundle up when they go bathing, or feel that their pelts are suits enough. From nudity to nudity, in short, via the barometer of budgetary inflation, or deflation



An opulent royal court resulted in the ladies bathing, as they say, *au naturel*.

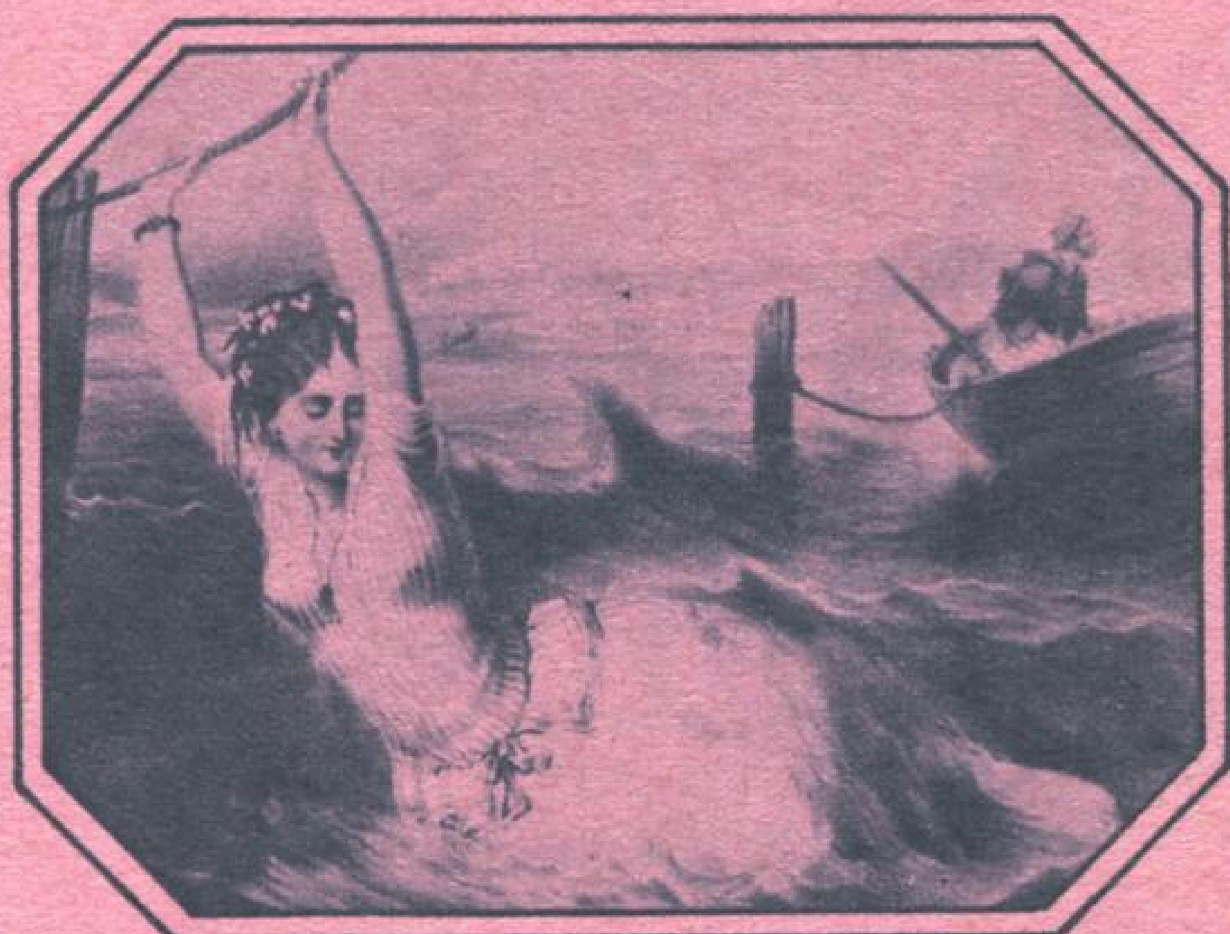


Victoria's reign was a rich one, so despite prudery, suits were quite revealing.



The crash of 1907 caused the ladies to cover themselves up, from head to toe.

With war clouds looming, bigger than ever, over Europe, the economy tightened up. Result: the ladies not only stayed covered but insisted that their men be as fully clothed on the beach as they were at home.









The Beef Trust Brigade

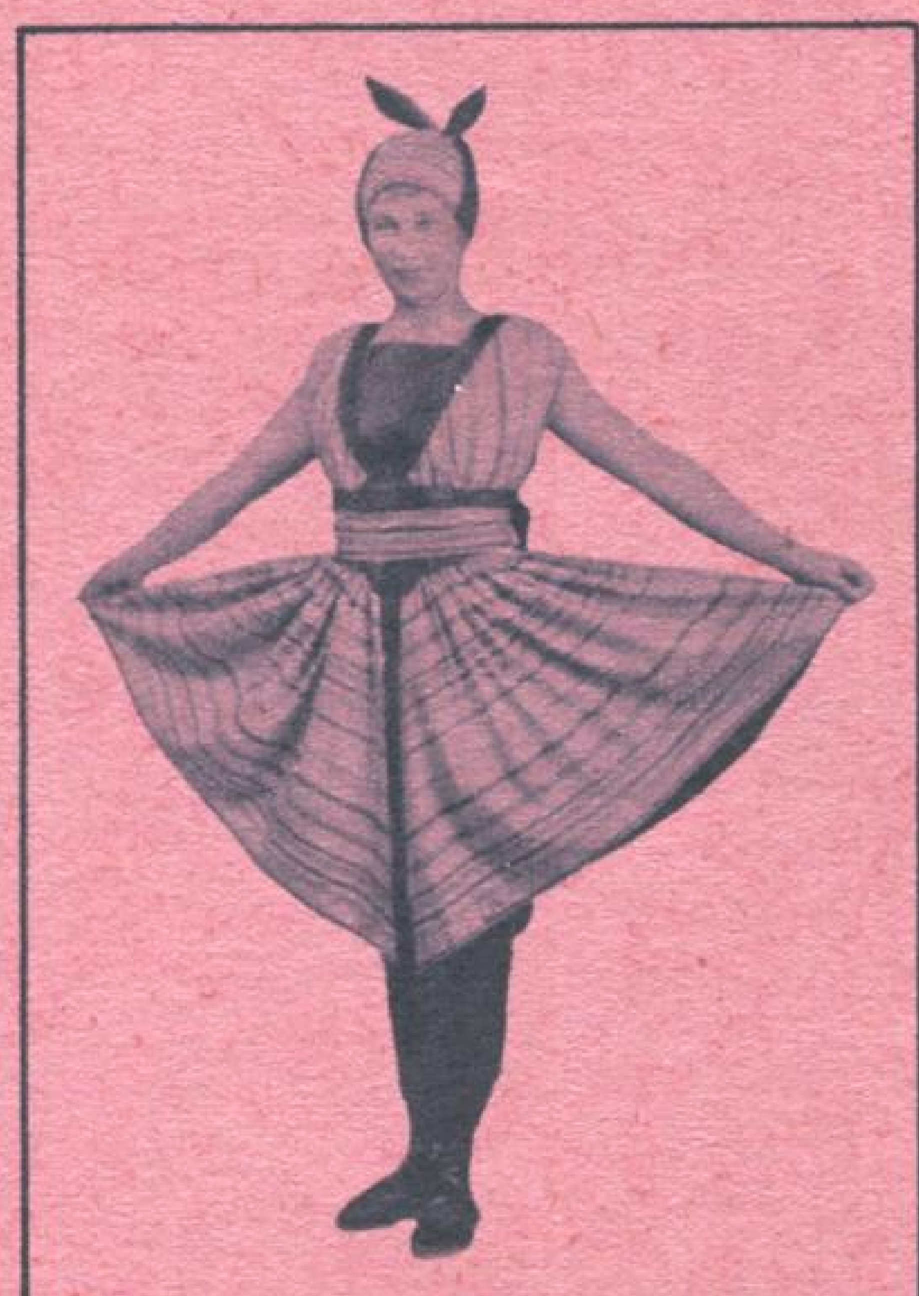


But the ladies had discovered that even if they remained completely covered their limbs were still a magnet for men's eyes. Stockings and fetishistic garters became a must for beachwear. And since the vogue was for acres and acres all in one woman, their *avoirdupois* rose with the stock market's ticker.

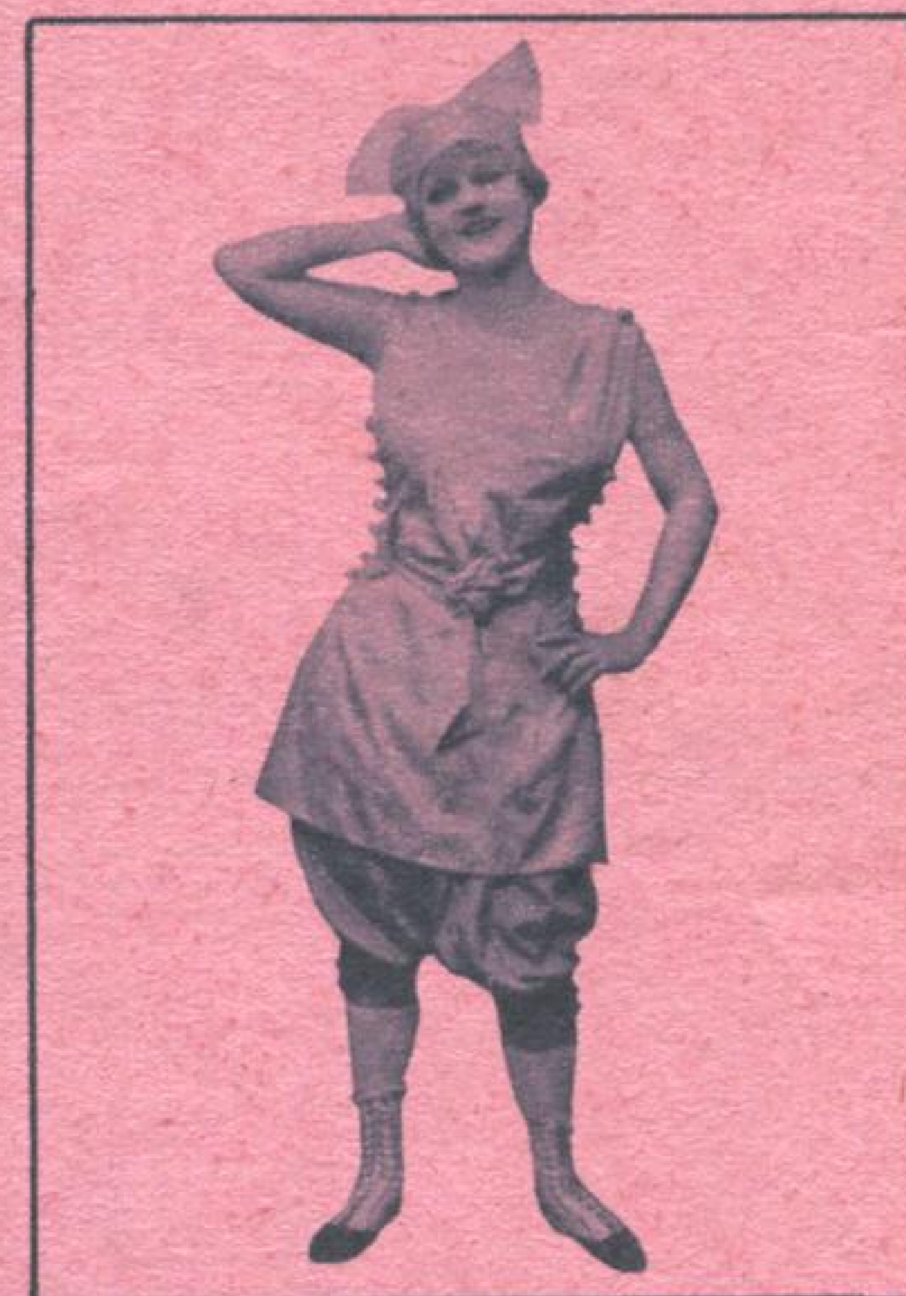


Bathing







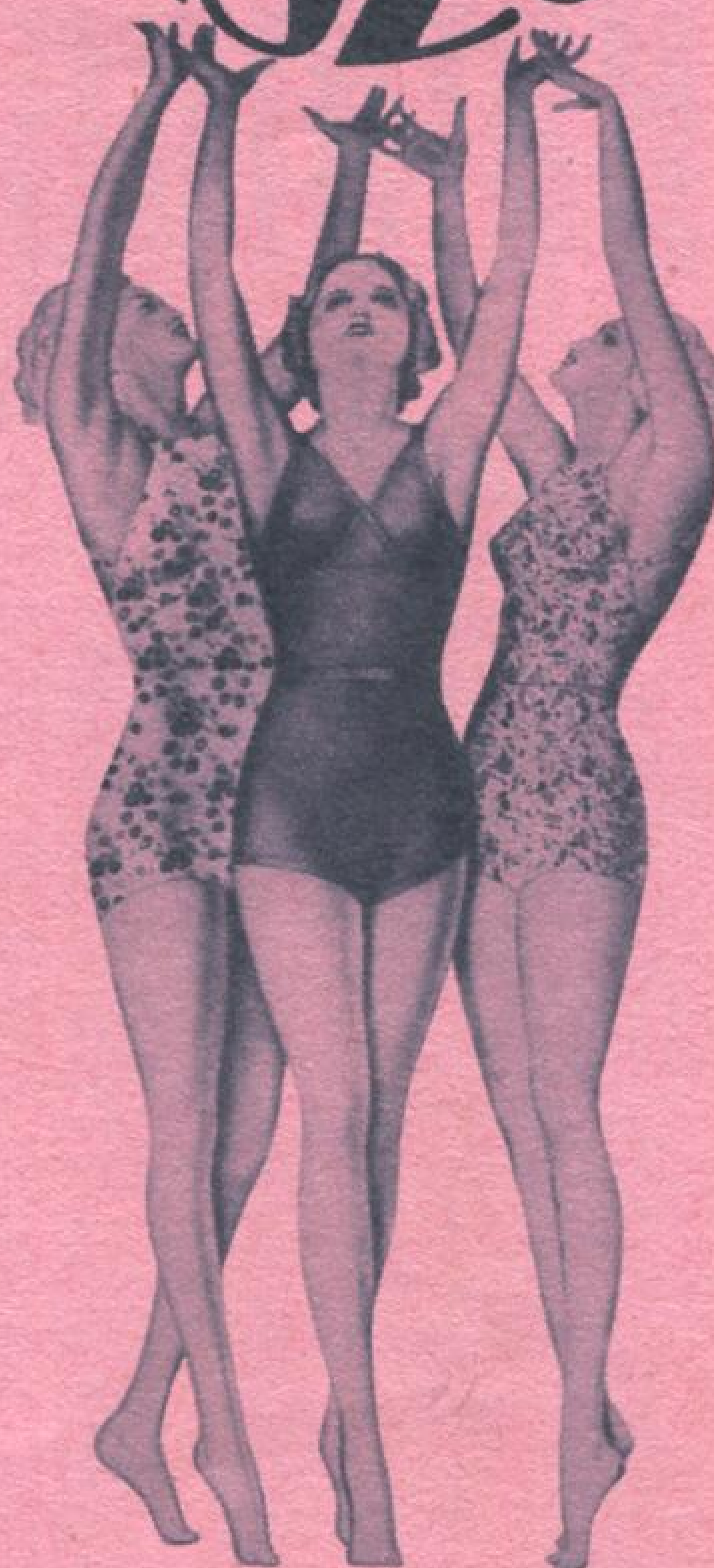




It's hard to tell which came first, the chicken or the egg, for as people remained covered they began to fear the sun's rays more and more. No lady allowed herself to become tanned. Camellia-white skin was the vogue. To darken one's skin was not only "dangerous" but definitely lower class. The war went thundering on and the ladies stayed covered. But help for voyeurs was en route!

Beauties?





With the end of W.W. I, the cycle had come full swing. New freedom for women followed the armistice and along with bobbed hair and short skirts there began the process which still has not ended. Bathing suits became briefer, ever briefer, and not even the crash in '23 could stop the trend. People again became sun worshippers, beaches were attended as never before while suits shrank, and shrank, and . . . The rise of the silent movie, the invention of the bathing beauty, the popularity of the Mack Sennett Girls, all conspired to pave the way for today's bikini, and, in the end, nude bathing. The bathing suit had come and *gone*!



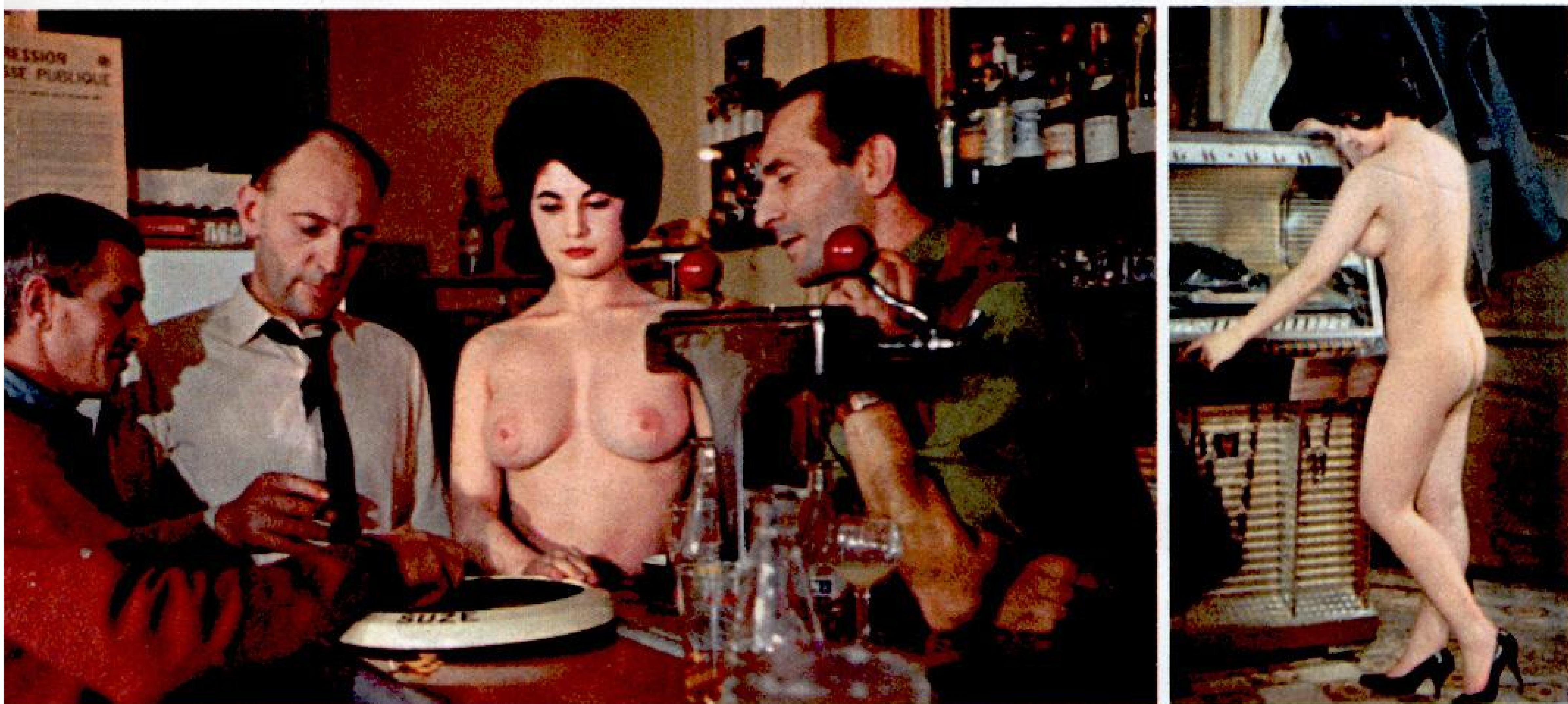




Given: a photographer who is entranced with H. G. Wells' "Invisible Man." Result?

THE INVISIBLE FRENCH NUDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DALMAS/GLOBE





DETERMINED to prove that one does not need secret chemicals or strange ray guns in order to achieve invisibility, our ingenious cameraman took his model, a lovely lady named Janine Roy, to his favorite Parisian bistro. It was on a night when he knew that the *Academies de Gastronomes* were going to take over the bar and sample its wares as a relief from their usual haute cuisine. Knowing that food and drink is much more important to these monomaniacs than any woman, no matter how young and lovely, the photographer, as you can see in this portfolio, was able to prove his point—that invisibility is in the eyes of the beholder. Notice that at no time does a flicker of an eyeball, nor the raising of an eyebrow, denote the slightest interest in the truly unique phenomenon that is transpiring. Not a single member of the ruder sex is concerned by what seems to the camera's eye to be an apparition. Follow Janine as she acts as a silent and invisible spectator to everything from eating and drinking to playing the pinball machine. Perhaps it is true that this situation could only occur in La Belle Paris where nudity is a trifle more taken for granted than in the more puritan Anglo-Saxon countries. Or, perhaps, it is even truer that the photographer perpetrated a hoax with the assistance of some poker-faced friends . . .

You might, if you have muscles of steel and a head to match, try this



experiment one evening and take a naked young lady to your neighborhood bar,





just for kicks, and see what happens . . .

The Patternmaker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

wooden beads. I can't remember a time when I didn't notice that everything is part of a pattern.

Why, there's nothing random in the universe; nothing at all. Whatever looks random and wasted looks that way because we don't understand how it fits in. Look at a snowflake. Look at a man. A man is five-pointed, did you know that? . . . just like stars are always represented as five-pointed. Look at the solar system and it's the same as the interior of an atom. Everything is a pattern and a part of a larger pattern. Man is the only object that looks like a random factor in the universe, the only thing given what looks like free will.

But that appearance of free will is just to fool you. Because man is conscious, he's called on to fit his pattern himself, by his own actions, to the pattern of the universe. When he does allow himself to become random, evil inevitably comes into play. That's when bad luck happens. That's when the angry things push out to the surface from inside you and make you do things you don't want to do just to fit yourself back into the pattern again by the sheer violence of your own doing.

Oh, I know it's not demons or spirits or anything like that. That's just old-fashioned superstition. No; it's vast and impersonal, it never forgets, it never slips up, it never allows you to violate the pattern even a tiny bit. It's ruthless, too. It would be a comfort to call it demons; but in this modern day we know there aren't such things. Why, it's as abstract and impersonal as the stock market, put together out of so many individual patterns that it adds up to the great sum that is more than all its individual parts.

It *is* rather like the Big Board and maybe that's why I've been able to find my niche in Wall Street. It's all figures there, the orders to buy and sell coming in and each order nudging the stock, and the board itself, a shade this way and a shade that way. You feel as though you're contributing to something pretty big and in my job you can pattern it, holding back some orders for a certain number of minutes, advancing others, weaving out of each day's work a meaning that fits into that great meaning of the Big Board just as the Big Board fits into the meaning of the overall universal pattern.

I stopped in front of a bookstore window because I saw that all the books in the window were about the circus. The circus was playing its last week in town, I remembered. If I managed to work out of today, I'd have to go see the clowns. I love to watch the clowns rocketing around. They're random as hell, building a structure of laughter out of the very appearance of randomness, so you can laugh at both the randomness and the timed structure at the same time. I counted the books in the window. Fourteen of them. I remembered I was still out of step so I ducked quickly into the bookstore. A lovely girl came to meet me.

I felt my heart give a great thump. This could be her. And the bookstore was empty except for us. She was lovely, she had black hair, when I got close I saw that her eyes were bright. I opened my mouth to tell her. Then I stopped myself. She was not wearing white anywhere on her dress or head or hands. She was all black except for her flesh-colored hose.

I searched desperately for just a peep of whiteness. Maybe she was wearing white underwear. But, even if I made her show me, that wouldn't count. There had to be white showing and hidden white wasn't the same thing. You can't cheat. Besides, she was probably wearing black underthings. She looked as though she would be.

I closed my mouth. She smiled at me and I opened it again. I was wary now because she'd smiled at me. I knew she was a trap. I had been on the edge of making another mistake.

"Yes?" she said.

"I want one of those circus books in the window," I said.

She turned toward a shelf. "Which one?"

"I don't care which one," I said. "But it must come out of the window."

"I have other copies right here."

"Out of the window," I said. My hands were trembling. I thrust them into my pockets because I didn't want to hurt her even if she was wearing black without a trace of white.

She looked at me. She shrugged her shoulders and went to the window, reaching over the backdrop. "Fiction or nonfiction?" she said.

I was in a frenzy. "I don't care," I said. I wanted to shout at her but I kept the voice low by moving my feet in the low-voice pattern that always has a calming effect on me.

She turned around, holding the book and staring curiously at my feet. I paid her for the book and took it into my hands, thwarting her desire to put it into a sack for me. It annoyed her and I felt a chortle rise up in me because I had forestalled her.

I hurried out of the store, clutching the book. On the sidewalk I turned around twice and said the words under my breath that would remove the influence, because there had been evil there. If only she had had a touch of white. Nothing more than a white handkerchief. I could have asked her the question and, according to her answer, I would have loved her or raped her or killed her, or maybe all three of them together if her answer had been right for *that,* and it would have been good because there was no one in the store but us and I could have gotten safely away. I had wanted it to be her because of the safety. Of course it was not her because of the safety because there must be the danger as well as the opportunity.

I walked on down the street, looking at the book in my hands. It pleased me to know there were thirteen books in the window display now and the girl hadn't even thought about it yet. But she'd find out, sooner or later.

THE BOOK was a novel. There was white and red and purple and black on the cover, a clown with a red face and black mask and a red eye hidden in the center of his red forehead. There was white around his mouth and one side of his costume was black and the other side was red, with red in the black and black in the red, and the sleeves were harlequin diamonds. All the animals were purple and there were ten letters in the author's name, with exactly five more than ten in the title.

It pleased me. I knew I would like the book. So I thrust it into the hands of an old man passing on the street, saying, "Like to read about circuses? Here's a circus book," and hurried on before he could react out of his astonishment. I left him glaring at the book in his hands and went on toward the library.

I saw her on the corner by the library. I spotted her going across on the traffic light ahead of me. She jolted into me like a shot of energy because I knew she was the one.

She walked right. She was wearing black ballet slippers and she put her feet down in that primitive way girls walk in ballet slippers, the foot going down square on the earth and balancing her weight like the native women in pictures carrying pots on their heads. It can make their ankles look thick; it didn't make her ankles look thick.

I fastened my eyes on her hips as I followed her up the steps. They moved in an intricate precise pattern that was sheer pleasure to watch. They were right, too, not too much of them, not too little. She was wearing a black swingy skirt and a white blouse and when she went to the

edge of the steps to sit down for a moment I saw in her turning that she had black hair and bright eyes. And of course the white blouse, the lovely low-cut white blouse, and she was beautiful. She was perfect and I was glad I had not been fooled by the girl in the bookstore.

She was carrying a couple of books and she rested them on her thigh as she sat on the stone parapet and lit a cigarette before going into the library. I came slowly up the steps toward her, watching as she concentrated on getting out the cigarette and the gold lighter and lighting the cigarette and taking the first three puffs in rapid succession. Her mouth was lovely, too.

I stopped before her. "I just gave a circus book to an old man on the street back there," I said to her. "I know he'll like having a circus book."

I knew just how to do it. If I waited an instant too long she would scream, or she would become angry at me, or she would burst into tears. I waited exactly long enough, until the comprehension lit her bright eyes but before the reaction started. I turned and went without haste down the steps. I did not look back. I went all the way around the square behind the library, taking my time and counting my steps carefully. When I came back to the lion again I looked up at last and she was still there. I waved my hand at her because I knew she was looking at me and I saw her smile. I knew she couldn't keep from smiling at me because I'd done everything right.

I went up the steps again and stopped before her. "Your name is Jean and I love you," I said.

She wanted to frown. She made a small frown. But it was very small. "It's Janine," she said. "What are you, some kind of nut?"

"That's close enough," I said. "Yes. I'm some kind of nut. Isn't it a lovely day?"

I had to get her away from here. There were too many people. That's the trouble, there are always too many people.

"It's a lovely day," she said. "And I must go into the library and work."

"Not today," I said. "Today, I'm letting Wall Street run itself. Today, you can let the library do the same. It won't fall down if you fail to walk through the doors."

"Oh yes it will," she said quickly, laughing a little.

"All right," I said. I took her arm, the first time I had touched her, and urged her up the steps. We went inside the door and just inside I turned her and led her outside again. "All right," I said. "Now the library won't fall down."

Her laughter was like a lovely lemon peel in the sunshine. "You *are* nuts."

She was appraising me now. I had expected that. I had even dressed for it, the second time I had dressed, when I had known that I would not go to Wall Street today. I was wearing the pants of one of the Wall Street suits. But I was also wearing my best coat, made of lightweight Irish tweed, and the tie that has the yang-and-yin symbol. I looked young and handsome and prosperous. I was young and handsome and prosperous.

"Tea," I said. "It is teatime."

"In the morning?" she said. "Everybody knows that teatime comes in the afternoon."

"Not for the mad March Hatter," I said. "Don't you know that teatime never ends? It is always teatime and we have to move around the table."

"Alice in Wonderland," she said. "You thought I wouldn't know, didn't you?"

I looked at her. "Is your name Alice?" I said.

"Janine," she said. "Remember? Janine."

"That's right," I said. "Janine. Did I tell you that I love you, sweet Janine?"

"Yes," she said. "You told me."

WE WERE WALKING on the street. In front of the library. I had her by the elbow, carrying her books in my other hand. Beside me she walked as lovely as she had walked ahead of me before. I could feel the loveliness of her movement. I was hoping she would give me the right answer. How I hoped it! I didn't want to hurt her.

I felt it surging up in me. I knew it had to be decided right here, right now. I was frightened. I couldn't do it here. Nothing could make me do it here. But there was no escaping. I took a quick look up and down the street. There was a cop on the corner, directing traffic. There were people all around us. It was bright daylight, Eastern Standard Daylight Teatime, and the danger was unbearable.

But I knew I couldn't hold it back until cleverness got us alone. It would take too much scheming, all that headwork with all the time the knowledge that she might assert one small independence that would throw it all out of kilter and let her escape. I couldn't risk that. It had to be now.

I started counting. I walked the thirteen fatal steps and then I stopped. She stopped too because I had stopped because I had walked the thirteen steps because I had put the right foot first across the threshold this morning when it should have been the left foot because it was Thursday and Thursday is the day for the left foot. God. I didn't want to kill her. Not standing right here in front of the New York Public Library. The pattern, or the violation of the pattern, had brought me so close to killing so many times; but now I was faced with it.

She looked at me, a puzzled expression on her lovely face, and I watched the puzzlement and the beginnings of wariness with an aching pain because I really did love her.

"Janine," I said. I glanced at my watch. "In exactly ten hours and fifteen minutes we will be getting into bed together at my place on the West Side. You will be naked and you will be loving me and I will be naked and I will be loving you. I must know right now, this minute, whether this is going to come to pass ten hours and fifteen minutes exactly from now."

I watched her face. I watched her eyes. I saw her face change and I saw her eyes change. Her bright eyes narrowed and pinpointed at me like a bright pin and the face changed and froze with shock and understood and froze again.

I waited. If she said yes I would kill her, here and now, in spite of the openness and the danger. If she said no, I would stay with her, or follow her, until I had an opportunity to rape her and perhaps kill her.

She did not open her mouth for what seemed at least ten minutes. She stared at me. Then she lifted her hand and put one finger at my throat. She moved the finger down my chest, she touched the buttons on my coat, and only then did I realize that she was counting.

She finished the counting and her face was very still and lovely and waiting. "There are nine buttons on your coat and shirt," she said. "Tonight, when we go to your West Side place, we will count the buttons on the shirts in your shirt drawer. If there are exactly three times your nine buttons in your shirt drawer . . . twenty-seven . . . then it will happen as you say it will happen. If there is not, nothing will happen. All right?"

I stared at her. I laughed. I opened my arms and she came into them and the great burden fell from off our shoulders and rolled like a little round ball of the world on the earth at our feet. She had not given the right answer or the wrong answer; she had given the answer I had never heard and so I was liberated as she was liberated for it was in the hands of the pattern.

People passing us stared at us as we laughed and cried and kissed each other in a frenzy standing on the street together in front of the public library in New York City, United States of America, North America, Earth, Solar System, The Universe.

I'm sure they thought we were some kind of nuts.



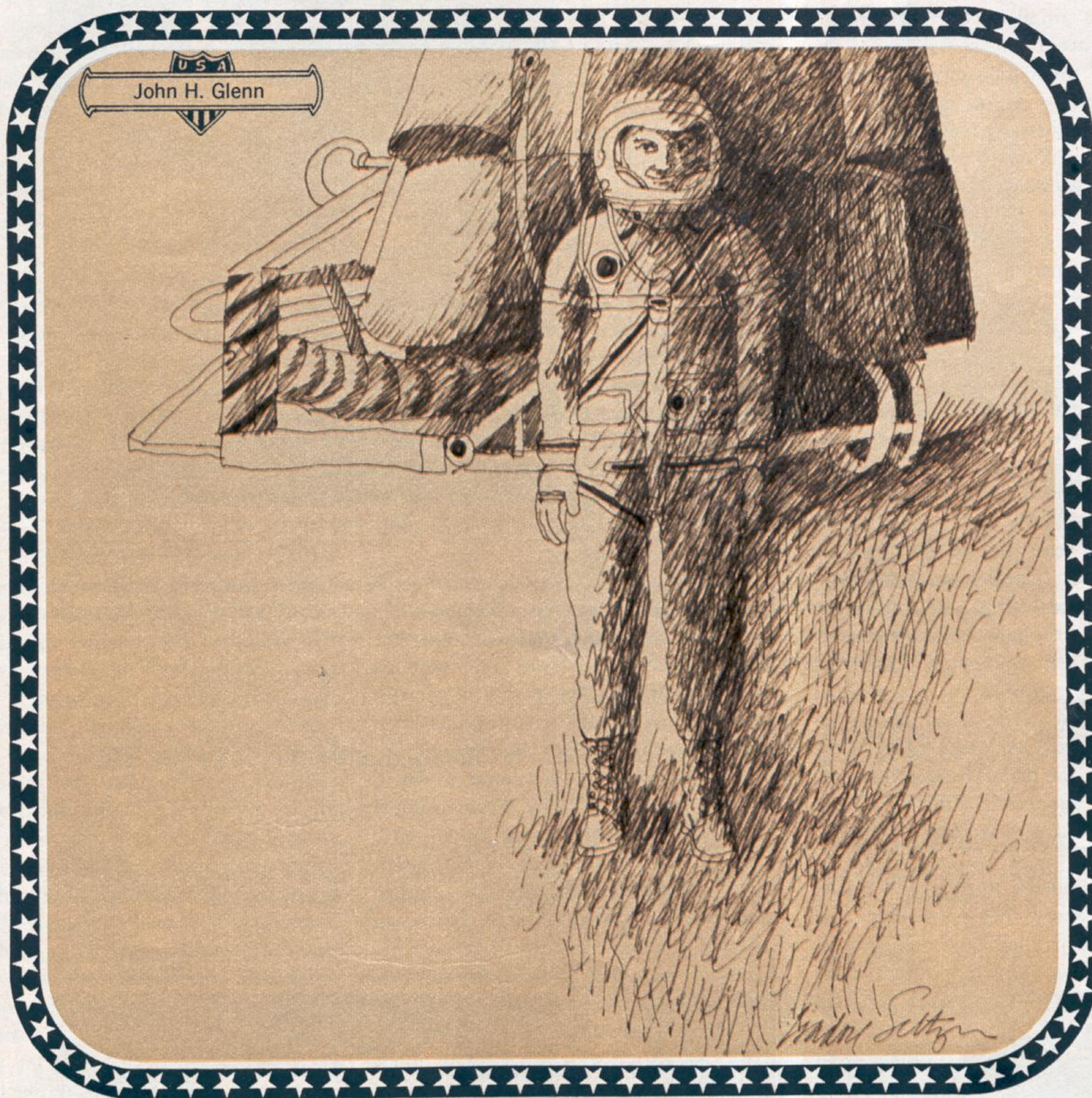
"Jim . . . I believe you've met my wife . . .?"

article by Bennett Muir Rogers



LINDBERGH Vs. GLENN

THE RACE FOR SPACE is again demonstrating that gods of the Twentieth Century literally do descend from the heavens; for if the mightiest of American heroes are not created out of thin air, they are most certainly created in it. □ But so smoothly do John Glenn and his kind play today's high flown hero game, that seldom do we question whether their feats really deserve to rank with those in the raw, but easily forgotten, past. □ There can be little argument, however, that the Machine Age has changed the character of modern heroics. Our present emphasis on automation, job specialization, mammoth federal bureaucracy, and corporate "team" play has logically given rise to a phenomenon that might well be termed The Organization Hero. □ As Col. Glenn, himself, points out, with almost frightening significance, in discussing humanity as the best of all possible computers, "We can plug man into the system and make him part of the system we rely on." □ Needless to say, the "system man" is a dissimilar breed from the old-line, do-it-yourself, daredevil



A STUDY IN HEROICS

who sprang by the seat of his pants from the era of rugged individualism. But flesh being fragile—whether encased in a spruce and canvas Jenny or the miracle metals of a missile capsule—a comparison is inevitable. ☐ The test of time, though, often adds a harsh perspective. Looking back from Glenn & Company down the long list of aviation's hallowed heroes, there is but a single name whose bygone derring-do can still challenge that of today's national supermen. Blurred by lengthening memories, tarnished by unpopular political and philosophic views, the name is, nonetheless, the accepted standard by which famous airmen are judged. It belongs to the erstwhile Lone Eagle, Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh. ☐ How then does Colonel Glenn, the leading house hero in the U.S. astronaut establishment, stack up against Col. Lindbergh and the romantic day of the wing walker? ☐ It was thirty-six years ago that Slim Lindbergh, an obscure, Air Corps trained, mail pilot, made his bid for immortality. The year was 1927, and as any flapper

could tell you—it was the bee's knees, kiddo! The stock market was rising, as were Al Capone and bootleg hooch. Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs with nary an asterisk in sight. And while the world raged at the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, in Hollywood a small producing company named Warner Brothers released "The Jazz Singer," the motion picture that ushered in "talkies"—which, along with the infant radio industry, paved the eventual way for the medium that was to glorify John Glenn: television.

In May of that year, the race to break aviation's four minute mile—a nonstop transatlantic crossing—was reaching its dramatic, blood spattered, climax. As was to be the case with Col. Glenn, the task at hand involved an imagination capturing combination of speed, distance, and danger. Personal reputation and national prestige were at stake. And the mounting pressure to get the job done, as quickly as it was humanly possible, was awesome.

It was a time during which Charles Lindbergh was to learn one of the principal frustrations that so often precede record flights, shots, and orbits: postponement. Foreshadowing the helpless experience of future generation astronauts, Lindbergh found himself sweating out the weather over the Atlantic, while an avidly curious public scrutinized his every move. The world waited, the press rhapsodized, and, much to his annoyance, Slim Lindbergh became Lucky Lindy and (worse) the Flying Fool.

When the Atlantic storm center finally —but unexpectedly—began breaking up, it not only caught Lindbergh dangerously short of sleep, but also left an aftermath of take-off problems in its wake. To begin with, Lindbergh had never attempted a take-off with a full load of fuel aboard his *Spirit of St. Louis,* feeling that it was too ticklishly chancy for anything but the actual flight to Paris (a judgment vividly sustained three weeks earlier when Lt. Commander Noel Davis and his co-pilot Lt. Stanton Wooster died upside down in a marsh at Langley Field, Virginia, after their three-engine Keystone Pathfinder, financed by one-hundred thousand American Legion dollars, failed to pass its final load test). Now it became necessary for Lindbergh to "guesstimate" whether his fuel-laden ship, whose engine was not putting out peak power due to the damp air, could reach flying speed on a "slow," rain-soaked runway whose wind direction was unfavorable.

Standing apart from the swirling madness that gripped Long Island's Roosevelt Field in the misty early morning of May 20th, he could see plainly the charred area where France's surviving ace of aces, the legendary Capt. René Fonck, had crashed and burned on take-off, killing two of his crew; he could see the telephone wires that he must clear at the end of his take-off run; and, undoubtedly, he could picture the endless icy seas that rescuers were still combing in the futile hope of finding two other overly brave French aviators, Charles Nungesser (seventeen times wounded while downing forty-five Hun planes in the Great War) and the one-eyed François Coli. It is less likely, however, that Lindbergh could truly visualize what it would be like when two nights later he would arrive alone in darkness over a strange continent after some sixty hours without sleep.

But the man whom everyone called a boy never hesitated. Clearing the menacing wires by some twenty feet, he headed the Ryan built *Spirit* off on a journey through ice and fog that would eventually take it to the Smithsonian Institute—to one day be neighbored by Glenn's space capsule.

WAS LINDBERGH'S RIDE a more downright dangerous proposition than Glenn's? The casualty figures (six dead and three injured in four separate crashes of aircraft piloted by the world's most fabled fliers), plus a regrettable lack of chimpanzees capable of forerunning the course to Paris, certainly indicate so. This is not to imply that Glenn's presence aboard *Friendship 7* wasn't a contribution of the highest order, for as one space agency official remarked two years ago, "A machine in space can only tell you what you ask it through remote contact. Only a man can tell you what you cannot equip the machine to learn." Not only did Glenn make the observations that distinguish human minds from little black boxes, but he also saved his mission (and neck) by taking over manually when his automatic guidance system proved something less than automatic. Nontheless, an astronaut is, at least theoretically, expected to survive though unconscious from countdown to splash-down. And above all, no manned launch is ever made that isn't the end result of a solid sequence of shots that prove success not only possible but probable.

A measure of the varying degree of peril that Lindbergh and Glenn surmounted can be found in the public's attitude toward each man's chances of succeeding. Though we may have held our breath during John Glenn's spectacular spin through space, still and all we expected him to make good in the fine style that he did. But Lindbergh's flight was considered somewhat a suicidal stunt, even by knowledgeable authorities. It was much the same as if Shepard, Grissom, Glenn, Carpenter, and Schirra had all been killed, only to have some kid with a home-built rocket attempt to beat the experts at their own game. Lindbergh's triumph was not just a surprise, it was a miracle; for even at the close of the first day, when he passed over St. John's on the coast of Newfoundland, Lloyd's of London was issuing odds of 10 to 3 against his ultimate success. Had our present, public relations conscious, government been running the show, you can bet that Lindbergh would never have been permitted out of the hangar.

But back in those days almost all pilots took risks, as a matter of course, in their everyday flying that are no longer acceptable or necessary, and the memory of these is enough to make the modern flier blanch. Lindbergh, himself, prior to his New York to Paris flight had on four separate occasions saved his life with emergency parachute jumps—once as a result of a mid-air collision with another plane, once while testing a new ship that refused to recover from a spin, and twice when trapped on top of foul weather that extended clear to the ground. Mere engine failures and forced landings were as much a part of flying as flat tires were of motoring.

Not only did Lindbergh battle the elements with his frail wings, but the animal kingdom as well. After one forced landing, he found himself confronted with an aroused herd of buffalo that were threatening to stampede. Another time, after making a night landing and take-off from a strange farm field with only the tiny beam of a pocket flashlight to guide him, Lindbergh offered this interesting—if no longer timely—advice: "If the position of a light is known and the field is fairly level, it is not necessary to see the ground . . . for this reason it is imperative that no obstructions such as farm machinery or livestock be allowed to remain on a landing field at night." There was yet another hazard connected with livestock; for according to Lindbergh, cows and mules had a penchant for devouring the fabric skin of parked aircraft.

To appreciate the barnstormer's daily existence is to understand why Lindbergh and his breed were not awed by the immense dangers of the transatlantic race and why they willingly accepted long odds that John Glenn and his, however brave, astronauts will never be permitted to face. But then, one of the results of progress is an easier life for all. Consequently, heroes simply do not have to do as much in a physical way to stand out from their mostly *soft* countrymen. As a matter of fact,

(Continued on page 47)

part four in rogue's series of complete novels told in four lines or less





The once popular wishing well at Ventieul was shunned by the public for a long time after Lucien's visit to it. He had wished to die, and the well had granted him his wish.

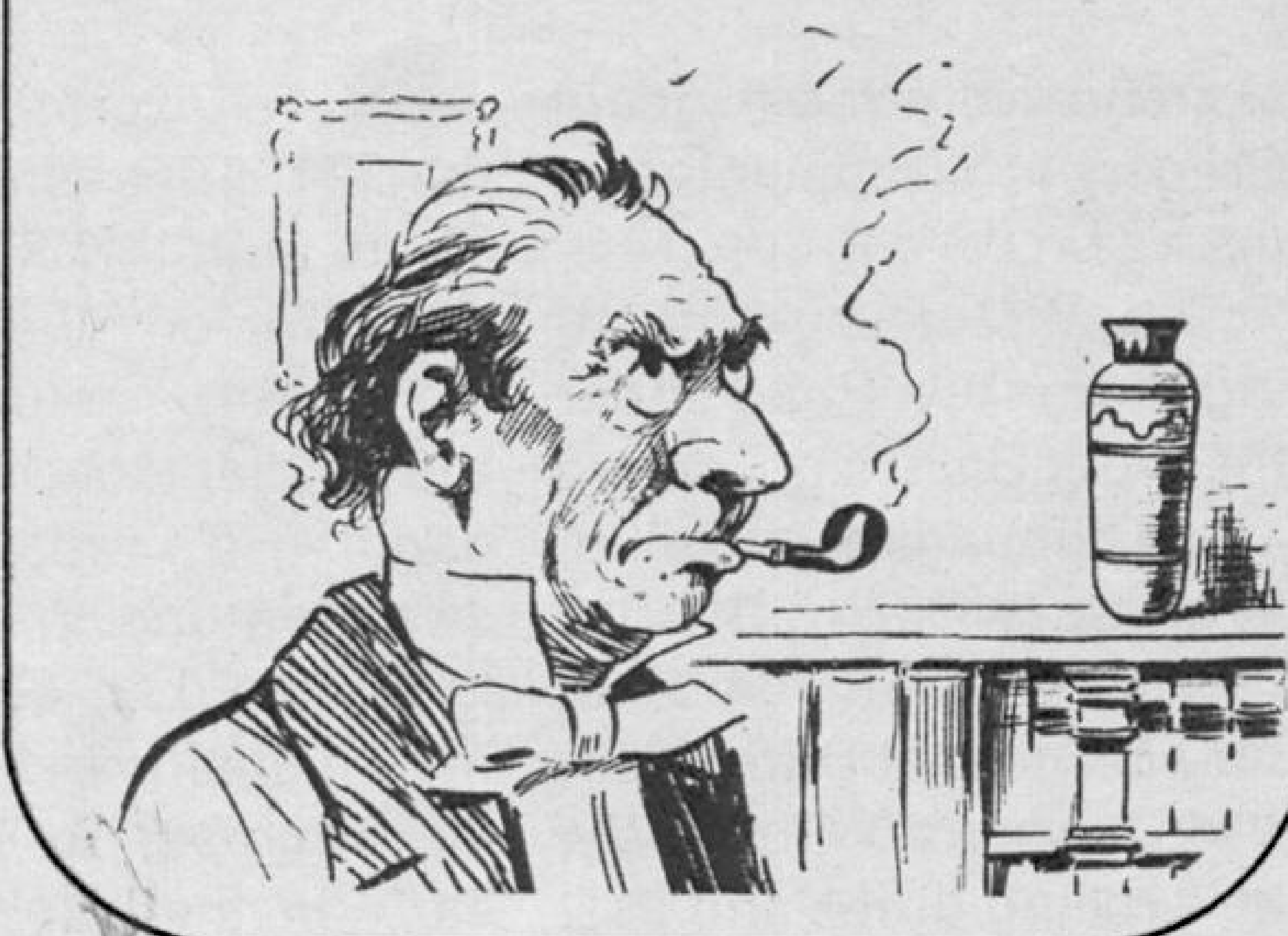
In Czarist Russia, a student once became so curious about the question of oblivion versus immortality that he killed himself to learn the answer. If he learned it, he never reported back.

INSTANT NOVELLAS—BY FREDRIC BROWN

Enraged by the failure of a second shoe to drop in the room above, Ferdinand rushed upstairs. He was chagrined to find himself about to attack a one-legged man.

A duke, jostled on the sidewalk by a serf, beat the man severely, then demanded apology. "Forgive me, master," said the serf, "for I am blind."







It was the place to watch from all right; the only problem was <u>what</u> to watch for!



VIEW FROM A HONG KONG BALCONY

fiction by
Richard B. Johnston

"SHE'S YOUR FRIEND. But you're not going to lift a finger to help her."

That's what Adam Gregory would say. He'd point down into the street below at the Chinese prostitute and then he'd look at me, disappointment darkening his broad, fetching face.

And he'd be right. I'm not going to lift a finger. Not one. Not even if Adam Gregory is disappointed in me again.

That attractive girl standing in Hankow Road under the Tiger Balm sign, crying and whimpering, is Li-ling. Profession: prostitute. Obviously, she offered her services to that British garrison corporal. Obviously, he's rolling drunk and past the point of knowing that she's well worth whatever modest price she asked. There aren't many girls on the Kowloon side of Hong Kong with her class. But the soldier doesn't give a damn. He's weaving and swearing and in a minute he'll slap her across the mouth again, and she'll go on whimpering. It's too early in the afternoon for her to find another cus-



tomer. She's got to hang on to this lance corporal and take his abuse.

That's how it is—you make hay while the sun shines.

Li-ling is okay in my book. I've seen that high-toned Shanghai face grace a pillow more than once myself. Once, when I picked up a bad-water fever in Wanchai, she nursed me night and day for a week. But I'm just going to sit here on my second-floor balcony in my undershirt. I may even mix myself a tonic.

A very tall one with which to relax. Then I'm going to watch the pigtailed amahs gossiping and chucking fat Chinese boys under the chin. I'm going to listen to the sing-song chant of the hot chestnut coolie and the hollow clickity-clack of a thousand mah-jongg games. I'm going to inhale deeply and savor the pungencies of smoked duck intestines and week-old shark flesh. I'm going to fasten my mind on Adam Gregory while I idly appraise slim-waisted Chinese girls in *cheong sams*, tugged sedately through the milling warren by tubercular rickshaw boys. I am, in short, going to oversee all proceedings along Hankow Road. But I'm not even going to wince when the corporal hits Li-ling again.

And I'll tell you why.

There was this kid I knew named Fat Sammy Kline. Twenty-eight years ago, in Toledo. I can still see him,

just as if he stood in the street below in his corduroy knickers and Dizzy Dean sweatshirt. Sammy had this brand new Big Pal wagon. A large red one with a white arrow on the side. He drags it into my yard one day to show it off, and I pretend it isn't much and I can have one, too—if I want one. Only I really can't, so I'm just making a good show of it.

Another kid from the neighborhood named Roland Ames walks into the yard, gives the wagon a once-over, and grabs the handle away from Fat Sammy. Now, this Roland kid, who was a real fink, had a wagon of his own. And a rich old man.

"Gimme the wagon," Roland says to Sammy. He starts to pull it out of the yard.

"It's brand new!" Sammy wails. "I got it for my birthday!"

I see an injustice about to be perpetrated. But Roland is about my size, so I go after him and hang one on his kisser. He runs out of the yard bawling, and I triumphantly pull the wagon back to Sammy. After my big gesture, I think maybe Sammy will let me take a once-around-the-block in his new wagon. I'm starting to get into the wagon when Sammy kicks me in the leg. *He kicks me in the leg!*

"Get your own wagon!" he yells and hauls Big Pal out of the yard.

Twenty-eight years ago and I can still feel that kick in the shins. I can hear that "Get your own wagon!" just as clearly as I can hear the lance corporal down below swearing at Li-ling.

The thing is, Fat Sammy Kline isn't the only Sammy I've met during the years since Toledo. Believe me, if I ever meet Roland Ames again, fink that he was, I'll apologize profusely for hanging one on his kisser.

Suppose I aroused myself from this comfortable chair, departed from the balcony, descended the stairs, crossed Hankow Road, and confronted the drunken corporal. "Corporal," I'd say, "you really shouldn't treat Li-ling so crudely."

"Mind your own bloody . . . business!" he more than likely would say.

Undoubtedly, he'd surround his terse suggestion with colorful expletives and descriptive phrases impugning my legitimacy and mental capacity. Then, if he took a swing at me and didn't connect, he'd fall flat on his face, and it doesn't do to let the natives see a member of Her Majesty's Army dead drunk on his face in the street.

Or maybe I'd take Li-ling's arm and say, "Come along. You can stop off at my place for a drink." Which would be unfair. I'd be wasting her time, and she knows it.

"Please don't bother yourself with me, Alex," she'd say primly. "The corporal and I are discussing business which does not concern you."

"You'd be safer if you came along with me," I might say.

"He hits me only because he is drunk," she would insist. "He does not wish to hurt me."

That's exactly what she'd say if I were to arouse myself from my balcony, cross Hankow Road, and poke my nose into the negotiations.

On the other hand, suppose Li-ling allowed me to intervene on her behalf. Suppose she were absolutely terrified of the lance corporal. She'd feel a debt of gratitude toward me. That's okay if the debt could be squared away all at once. But gratitude is never paid off like that. It's a little here and a little there, and who can say when the debt is paid up? I could be considered by Li-ling as anything from a great benefactor to a bill collector.

Li-ling is a business woman. Time is money to her. I can understand that. Hong Kong's economics are simple—earn money or die on the street, compete or perish; free enterprise on its simplest level.

Her profession doesn't prevent Li-ling from setting great stock in personal honor. Debts are to be repaid, especially debts incurred through acts of kindness. So maybe Li-ling could offer her services to me at discount rates or free, because that's the only thing she has to offer. If I accept, I make her a bad businesswoman. If I don't, I deny her the opportunity to make installment payments on her burden of gratitude. Either way, our friendship is compromised. I'd rather keep Li-ling as a friend.

THE CORPORAL could use a friend right now. From my vantage point, I'd judge that he's just passed from the state of drunken belligerency to drunken dejection. Seated on the curb on Hankow Road, a long way from home.

Take it from his point of view. He meets Li-ling in the Golden Phoenix Bar and buys her a couple of apricot brandies. He's been bending an elbow since eleven o'clock this morning. This Chinese popsie looks like she's worth a quick roll.

"Got your own room?" he asks, his tongue thick with alcohol. He's afraid that maybe she shares a room with a half dozen other hustlers, and he is in no mood to repeat his public performances of the past.

"I live by myself," she says. "Close by on Hankow Road." Li-ling smiles demurely with perfect, white teeth and chatters about the weather, the freighters tied up in the bay, and her brother in school.

The corporal's eyes are fastened on Li-ling's thighs where the slitted *cheong sam* falls away from her crossed knees. She makes her pitch, and they leave the bar discussing the terms of the assignation. Down Kimberly Road they come, the corporal staggering from side to side, and turn into Hankow Road toward Li-ling's room. Just as they reach the Tiger Balm sign below my balcony, guilt assails the corporal. Although he's done it countless times before and will do it again, consorting with a prostitute is a wrong thing. And wrong things produce guilt.

But the corporal wants to consort with Li-ling. Twelve bottles of Swann lager have taken the pressure off the frontal lobes, but his guilt wells out of far deeper cranial recesses. The Chinese girl, he decides, is a craven strumpet, deserving of his contempt and wholly responsible for his weakness. He picks an argument—her price will do—whips himself into a rage, and punishes her. Once his conscience is propped on crutches, the corporal will be ready to resign himself to Li-ling's thighs.

In a few minutes Li-ling will coax him up from the curb. He'll shrug off her supporting hands in a final gesture of contempt and then stumble up the stairs by himself. As the corporal sits there, his head in his hands, his feet in the gutter of Hankow Road, forsaken by all mankind save a Chinese hustler, I can almost see old Austin Kerr slouched over the Imperial Bar on Lexington Avenue.

Old Austin had a load to bear, too. In more ways than one. Part of it came from the three martinis he had already put away that night I shouldered in next to him, four years ago. He's staring out of a face that hangs down to the polished mahogany.

"Down the drain," he's mumbling over and over. "All down the drain. . . ."

"Must be something we can salvage," I say brightly.

Austin contemplates me with watery eyes that remind me of a cocker spaniel. He looks bad. His hands shake and he's got a bar pallor. The kind that comes from drinking too many lunches.

"Alex," he begins, "I've always thought of you as a . . . right guy. You know what I mean. You're a square guy, Alex. You're all right."

I'm embarrassed because Austin is drunk, and I'm no friend of his. We hung our hats at the same ad shop, but we were a long way from being buddies.

"Alex," he goes on, "you're in the know around the office. Heard anything about me? You know, rumors?"

Sure, I've heard rumors about Austin. Scuttlebutt has it that old Austin is on his

(Continued on page 72)

KATHY IS AS KATHY DOES

Sometimes we get even more confused than other times. On Miss Kathy Fields' poop sheet (you should excuse the expression), her bio sheet in



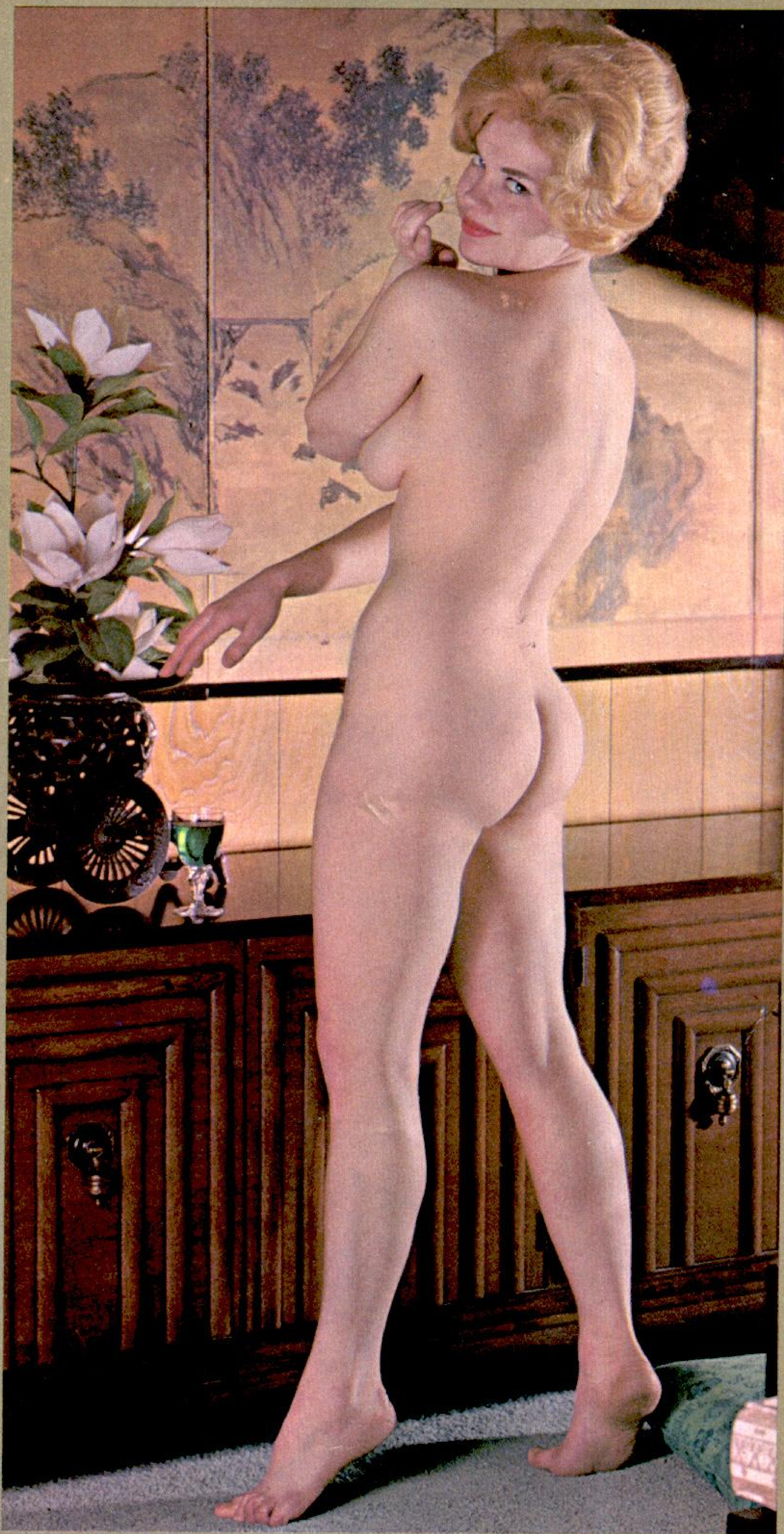
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL

THE ROGUE GIRL MISS KATHY FIELDS









short, it says "For a publicity stunt I rode in my own fifteen car funeral." Further than that deponent sayeth not, except that Kathy is lovely . . .



"No . . . No, Mrs. Meyers, you've got it all wrong. . . . It doesn't mean that at all!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

there is news now about *lady* astronauts. Already, a dozen women have passed the same tests given the Mercury astronauts.

Of course, if jeopardy were the sole determiner of greatness, we would only need look to the barrel owners in the Niagara Falls area for a ready supply of national idols. Obviously, audacious nerve is not everything, nor (in some cases) anything. In addition to the qualitative value of the accomplishment itself, we also must take into account the overall abilities required of the would-be doer. In the case of our astronauts—though they are the finest physical specimens our military has to offer—it is their brains, training, and experience that makes them so valuable. In other words, the trend in heroes is toward the egghead. And the trend is reflected in the fact that Glenn was able to cover in twelve minutes a distance that took Lindbergh thirty-three hours to travel.

Nevertheless, when it comes to the magnitude of total personal achievement, the nod again must go to the Lone Eagle. Lindbergh took a dream, reduced it to a sound, detailed plan, and then, step by step, carried it through to its successful conclusion. Along the way, he lined up his own financial support (Lindbergh, himself, was the single largest investor, putting up his life savings of $2000), selected a suitable aircraft, supervised its construction, tested it, and flew it into the annals of history. From beginning to end, the venture was an extension of Lindbergh's particular personality, and there was no decision large or small that did not rest in his own hands. Contrast this with the modern day hero, who becomes the valiant, finely schooled, but highly impersonal, instrument that culminates the tax paid efforts of 50,000 nameless people.

Writing on behalf of his fellow practitioners of teamsmanship, astronaut Walter Schirra put it this way: "We tried to behave . . . like seven vice presidents of a company." It is hardly surprising, therefore, that when John Glenn appears publicly in civilian clothes (as he invariably does) that he looks very much the part of a successful, gray-flanneled executive. While on the other hand, the far wealthier Mr. Lindbergh still evokes the image of the graceless barnstormer in Army breeches hanging upside down from the top wing of a looping Lincoln Standard.

A HERO'S final stature, however, depends on the amount of fame he reaps and in what manner he handles it (which in turn may depend on the skill of his press agents). It's at this point that Col. Glenn gains a priceless advantage; for today's hero can readily anticipate the kind of reception that his feat will bring, and he knows exactly how he is expected to conduct himself once the ticker tape starts falling. In this respect, the Space Age has strangely broadened the qualifications for heroism in that the chances of an astronaut having an unpleasing personality are about equal to those of his wearing glasses. But in Lindbergh's day, the applicants for fame weren't screened in advance. Perhaps they should have been.

Endless TV coverage not withstanding, Lindbergh's initial glory and popularity were even greater than Glenn's. It was in the Twenties that the public first discovered the hero as a *god*. The development of mass communications had given birth to the Age of Ballyhoo, an age in which, for the first time, greatness was not a prerequisite of fame.

It was an age that warmly embraced a public so lacking in sophistication that, a few years later, the murder trial of the Lindbergh baby's kidnaper, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, became a circus whose memory makes us blush with shame and amazement. Sensationalism was the order of the day, and sport kings like Dempsey and movie idols like Valentino fed a common lust to worship. Then, out of this crazy, emotion charged atmosphere came the most peerless underdog since David to snatch the most flamboyant prize of all. There was never anything like it; there never will be. As Charles Evans Hughes, both a former Secretary of State and Chief Justice (who swore into office Lindbergh's bitterest enemy—F.D.R.), put it, "We measure heroes as we do ships, by their displacement. Col. Lindbergh has displaced everything." And indeed he had.

The morning after the New York welcoming parade (which cost the city $16,000 to clear a multimillion-pound blizzard of confetti), the staid *New York Times* devoted its entire first sixteen pages, except for advertising, to the Lindbergh story. The hero, himself, received over three and a half million letters, including three somewhat premature proposals that he join in attempts to reach the moon by rocket. Among the grandiose messages from heads of foreign states was one from Benito Mussolini to our ambassador in Rome, which might well have been saved for John Glenn: "A superhuman will has taken space by assault and subjugated it. Matter, once more, has yielded to spirit, and the prodigy is one that will live forever in the memory of men. Glory to Lindbergh and to his people."

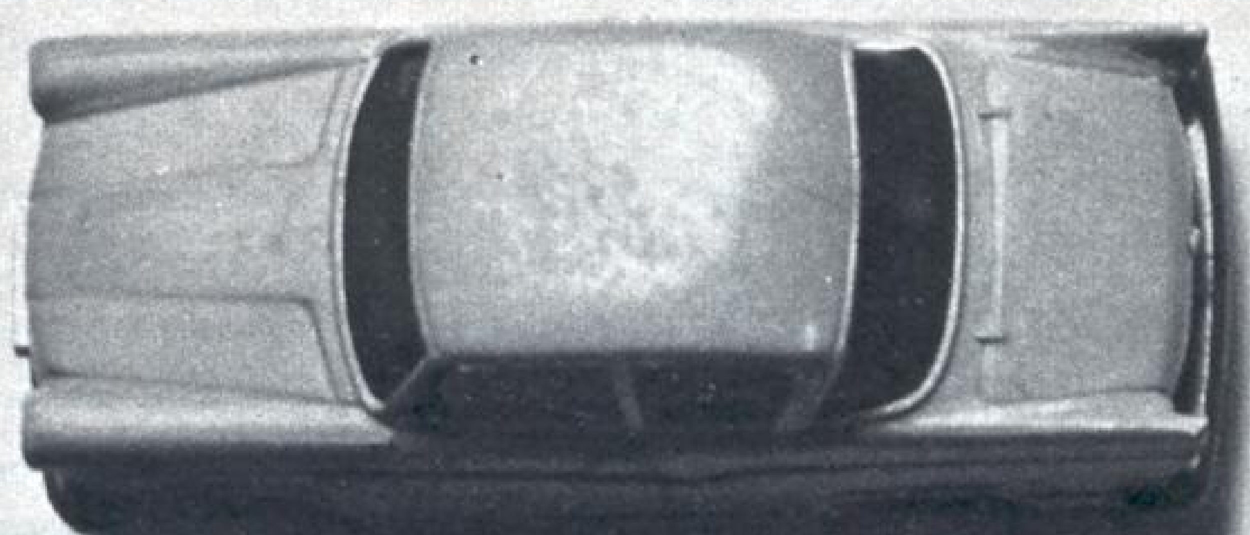
Almost from the beginning, Lindbergh's stunning fame exploded into a far more remarkable phenomenon than his actual achievement—thereby condemning him to the life of a mere celebrity. What should have been magnificent was more often disgusting; an ear of corn from which Lindbergh had eaten or a pair of shorts sent to the laundry became someone's treasured souvenirs. Lindbergh hardly had taken off his helmet and goggles before millions of dollars worth of outlandish business offers began pouring in.

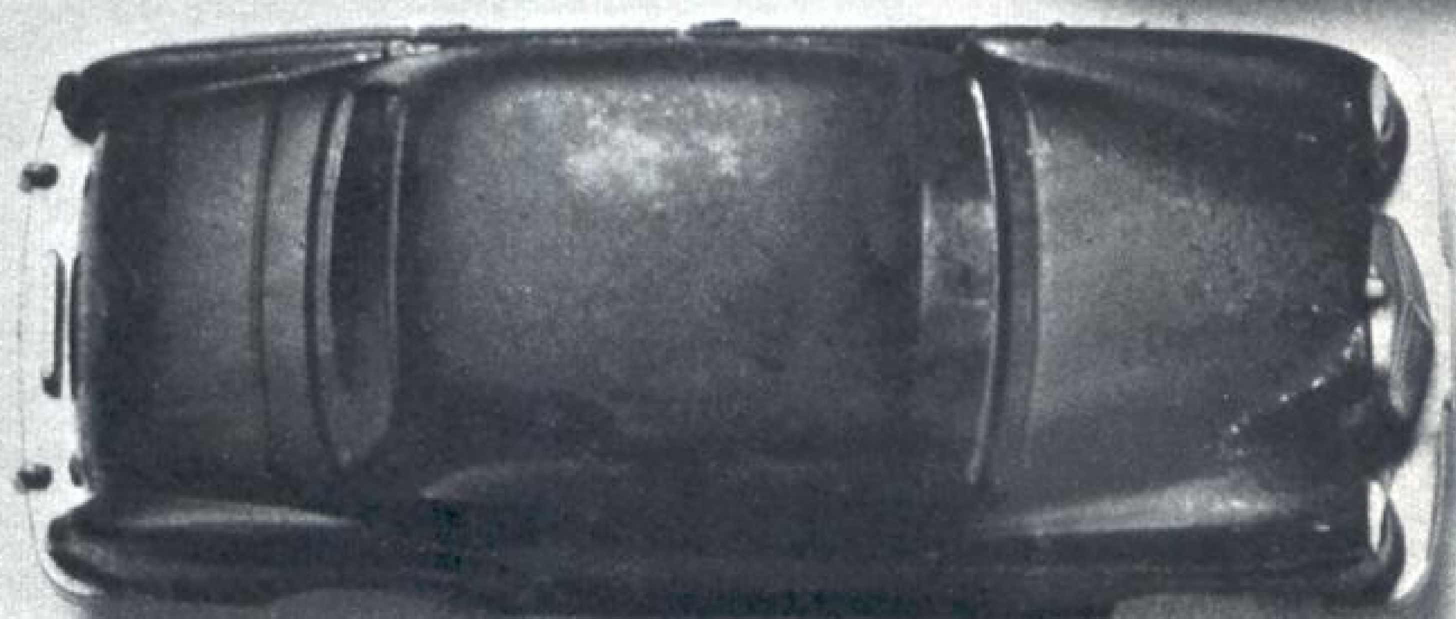
But the public was ecstatic to find that the twenty-five-year-old aviator was above the influence of money. True, he had endorsed such products as his engine, spark plugs, tires, and even his fountain pen; but with soon-to-be Vice President Charles Curtis (along with other politicos) hawking cigarettes in magazines and newspaper ads ("Lucky Strike cigarettes do not affect my voice. I note that most of my colleagues in the Senate now use them."), Lindbergh's testimonials were not considered as commercialism. When Gene Tunney and channel swimmer Gertrude Ederle advised the clean cut, boyishly handsome flier to cash in while he could, they were roundly censured. In fact, one small group of exceedingly wealthy businessmen tried to pressure Lindbergh into accepting a no-strings $1,000,000 fund, whose only purpose was to enable him to turn down all offers that might tend to defile the purity of his reputation. Such was the country's moral investment in "Lindy."

Indeed, so deeply did the people identify with the bashful blond with the "merry" blue eyes that their adulation reflected a narcissistic quality of self-love; for Lindy was one of them, and if Lindy were perfect, then they, too, were perfect. The last thing that anyone wanted was for "the real Charles Lindbergh to stand up." Lindbergh would spend the rest of his life battling against his celebrity image in an effort to maintain an identity of his own—a struggle that could only be won through self-destruction.

Modest, shy, and introverted, Lindbergh was appalled by the overwhelming attention to his personal life. But there was little he could do about matters; the fact that he tried to escape his fame merely increased its suffocating proportions. As the press and public badgered him unmercifully, the unassuming hero turned increasingly cold and contemptuous toward his tormentors. Soon, a silent war of mutual hatred had sprung up between Lindbergh and the nation's newsmen (who had to dog his every footstep, because of the flier's flat refusal to reveal his plans to them in advance).

(Concluded on page 79)



PARKINS
LATEST

SON'S LAW

or: Our Automobilious Cities; or, Cities Do Have Sex; or . . .

humor by C. Northcote Parkinson

The revelation last year that industrial corporations have Sex has led inevitably to the further question: "Are Cities also sexed?" As a result of a recent research project, sponsored jointly by the Bored Foundation and the Dwindling Trust, it can now be stated with certainty that cities are either male or female. It is fitting that this discovery should be first published in a scientific journal especially devoted to research in anatomy. Despite the prudishness which is still too common in the American Press, the facts can no longer be concealed. *Cities do have Sex*. More than that, the larger cities are mostly male, their suburban offspring (begotten of an adjacent county) being predominantly female. The importance of the discovery can hardly be overemphasized. Past politicians and planners have tended to regard each city as a structure. We realize now that it is an organic growth, subject to adolescence, procreation, illness and age. We realize, further, that the nature of its development is determined largely by its sex.

That most large cities are male is obvious from their rough exterior and their characteristic sprawl, from the smoke of their pipes and their extrovert air. There are exceptions, like San Francisco and Washington, D.C., where

gay abandon and prim tidiness tell a different tale. There are also cities which are respectably wed, like London and Westminster, Buda and Pesth. Generally speaking, however, the cities of America are male, with their daughters mostly fled to a safe distance of some ten or twenty miles. No one has ever dared think of Paris as other than female. But no one would ever class Cleveland or Detroit as anything but male. The sex is obvious to any observer who has realized that the sex differentiation is there. And from this realization, we are led at once to logical conclusions about a city's function and future, its physiology and physique, its perquisites and periods, its temptations and tastes. And one conclusion we cannot escape is that many of the male cities are suffering from the characteristic ailments of the middle-aged male. This being so, it is fortunate that consultants exist who have studied these civic disorders. In a recent instance, Professor Devilish, the diagnostalgic specialist, was called in to examine Clueless City in the State of Omega. His startling verdict was made public in a press conference held at City Hall. It is from the taped version of this conference that the following extracts have been taken:

Questioner: Can you tell us, Professor, how you set about your investigation?

Devilish: Certainly, there is no mystery about it. I began with an automatic physical check-up, feeling the pulse, taking the temperature, noting the complexion, observing the audio-visual reaction and recording the bureaucratic response.

Questioner: What do you mean by the pulse?

Devilish: The traffic circulation at the City Center. It is too rapid in this instance, but also spasmodically motionless.

Questioner: And the temperature?

Devilish: The warmth of the debate—or the coldness of the relationships—at City Hall. The temperature here was sub-normal.

Questioner: And by the complexion you mean the color problem?

Devilish: Naturally. It reveals the progress of decay in the downtown tenements—which happens, in this city, to be well advanced and decidedly spotty.

Questioner: What is the audio-whatsit?

Devilish: The intellectual level of the local radio and television stations, graded on the Stanford Snooping Scale. It could hardly be lower. As for the bureaucratic response—the time it takes to receive an intelligent reply from a municipal department—it stands here at 72 days, with the average still rising.

Questioner: And can you reveal your diagnosis?

Devilish: Certainly I can. Clueless City is suffering from Centrifugal Automobiliousness, otherwise known as Carcinominal Cancer, and this has led to a further complication called Carannual Thrombosis or partially choked arteries, which may lead in turn to heart failure. A very serious matter. Very serious indeed. We must act at once.

Questioner: Does this mean a major operation?

Devilish: That would be the solution urged by old Masterplan. But no one today follows his advice, and it would be fatal if they did. His idea is to treat a city as a lifeless skeleton. He likes to draw a line around the affected area, administer an anti-aesthetic, open an artery here, amputate this or that, fly over the real problem, take out the gruesome appendix and pocket a handsome fee. What does it all amount to? An impressive display of ruthless decision, which leaves the situation exactly as it was.

Questioner: What do you recommend?

Devilish: Wait and see. (Uproar, quelled by Sheriff's deputies.)

CENTRIFUGAL AUTOMOBILIOUSNESS is the disease which drives the specialized blood groups away from the city center towards the periphery of the civic organism. It is the process which *chokes the arteries* and which may ultimately *paralyze the heart.* Automobiliousness begins with everybody having a car, the traffic arteries being thus clogged with vehicular excess. This ailment becomes centrifugal when everyone uses his car as a means of escape. Cars, as we know, serve a number of purposes. They can be used to indicate wealth or sophistication. They can give an air of arrogance to people who are basically insecure and feeble. They can afford a basis for the more dreary kind of conversation. But they are also, in the last resort, a means of transport. The driver, loathing his surroundings, wants to go some place else. Drawn to the city where he makes his living, he is driven from it by a feeling of revulsion. Detesting its congestion and noise, its politics and dirt, he takes refuge in as distant a suburb as he can afford. This can only mean that the city has lost its magnetism and has ceased to attract. Some people argue that this is of no consequence because the city's intellectual life can be projected televisually into the suburbs. But this assumes that there is such a life to project. What if there isn't? With the heart stopped, the extremities will soon die.

The fact is that the male city has no attraction for the normal male. The cities which continue to attract—Copenhagen or Salzburg, Vienna or Venice—are unmistakably female. So the cure for the Centrifugally Automobilious City is neither more nor less than a change of sex; something brought about by a minor operation and a course of treatment, aided by a face lift and a new wardrobe. The result will be that rectangular rigidities are replaced by curves and colors; the demure neatness of the day becoming a sparkling vivacity after sunset. What used to repel will begin to attract, and the city will again be civilized.

How do we know whether the treatment has succeeded? First symptom of the sex change is the number of visitors who come to see the city in a spirit of humble admiration—contrasted with the people who merely come to attend a Fireman's Convention. Second symptom is the extent to which the downtown area has developed places of specialized attraction; an artists' quarter, a university region, a street devoted to bookselling and another to antique furniture, a square surrounded by exotic restaurants, and a pool where children can sail their model boats. Once these symptoms have been observed, it may be said that the sex change has taken place. The female city is one which men can love; one from which they need no means of escape.

Readers of ROGUE will realize that a sex change is seldom as complete as might be thought theoretically desirable. For the best possible results, one must begin at the beginning. The ideal plan would be to found a new city on the ROGUE plan—designed, from the start, for lovers of vitality, beauty and wit. One hears of clubs opened in the name of a magazine; but that is less of a monument than ROGUE deserves. Let our readers join in the founding of Rogueville, the city which shall be free from the right-angled gridiron in which other cities are imprisoned; the city of gentle curves and rounded hills, laughing fountains and carefree song. Here no cleavage will lead to dispute, no brevity be taken amiss, no gaiety be frowned upon. All ROGUE subscribers are eligible for citizenship and no girl will be excluded except on the grounds of being insufficiently attractive. Beneath the

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ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE SUYEOKA





TWO DOCTORS
(IN ONE ACT)

A puckish examination of today's TV medical mores... **humor by William Johnston**

When one is temporarily laid up, one begins to ponder the current state of this or that. If one is exposed to nighttime television during such a period, one's reflections inevitably tend toward the absurd. Thus it was, during a prolonged (Continued on page 53)



"Oh, this test will be easy! All he had her do was drive down the block and park."

Two Doctors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

siege of sore thumb, that this particular one's meditations produced the following farce.

Admittedly, what takes place in this playlet may never have occurred in real life. But, considering what is happening on television these days, it seems likely that there is more fact here than fiction.

The time is an indefinite period prior to the 1963 television season. The place is an unidentified medical institution located approximately midway between NBC and ABC.

SCENE I: Reception area of a big city hospital. The activity is routine. Two wild-eyed interns, carrying an empty stretcher between them, whip down a corridor, screaming, "Emergency! Emergency!" Behind them limps the patient, pleading feebly, "Hey, fellows!" At the desk, the plump, motherly, wisecracking Head Nurse has an orderly by the throat and is explaining in a kindly and witty fashion, "Yes, I am fat and I am the Head Nurse, but that doesn't mean you can call me 'fat head.'" Suddenly two patients rush from their rooms. One, a chubby, pink-cheeked young man, clutches his groin and moans anguishedly, "My baby! My baby!" He then collapses. The other, a stogie-chewing politician-hoodlum, is chased into the corridor by a technician with an X-ray machine, and protests, "No pictures! No pictures!" Despite this surface calm, however, there is an undercurrent of tension.

Now, two doctors enter the corridor. From stage left comes Dr. Kildare. He is tall, handsome and blonde. From the opposite direction comes Dr. Ben Casey, who is tall, handsome and dark. Although, superficially, they do look somewhat alike, their individual reactions to the plights of the patients make it instantly clear that they are as dissimilar in personality as two actors in competing television roles. Dr. Kildare rushes to the politician-hoodlum and clasps him protectively to his bosom, meanwhile routing the technician with the sharp end of his ballpoint pen. Dr. Ben Casey, on the other hand, stands contemptuously over the fallen young man and snarls, "Weakling! You'd think you were the first man to ever have a baby!"

Having dealt in their diverse ways with these two everyday crises, the doctors move on, approaching each other.

Kildare (smiling boyishly): Dr. Ben Casey, I presume.

Casey (icily): Don't try to suck up to me, Kildare. You're not chasing the daisy chain at Vassar now—this is Medicine. All I'm interested in is performance, understand? One more insidious attempt like this to corrupt my professional standards, and I'll see to it that you never practice medicine again.

Kildare (pityingly): You need help, Doctor. You're not happy. Going around with a grim visage like that all the time—you'd be in a pretty pickle if it froze that way.

Casey (eyes narrowing): Keep your forceps out of my operation, Kildare. I know your record, you're a buttinski.

Kildare (lyrically): Better to say that I care, Doctor. Better to say that no man is an island. Better to say that I am Everyman. (He sweeps an arm in a wide, careless arc, inadvertently smacking the Head Nurse right square in the kisser. She scrambles after her dentures, and he proceeds with his monologue, undismayed.) These poor souls who come to us with their aches and ills, they're more than just ninety-eight per cent water to me. They're studies in social maladjustment. They're my opportunity to light one little candle in the darkness.

Casey (menacingly): You go lighting any candles in my patients, Kildare, and I'll see to it that you never practice medicine again.

(Casey stalks off and Kildare turns, shaking his head sadly, to the Head Nurse, who has retrieved her dentures.)

Kildare: What that boy needs is to get interested in a nice girl.

Head Nurse (clapping hands to ears in horror): Don't say it! He and I have a suppressed reverse Oedipus relationship—whatever that is.

SCENE II: Several minutes later, the Psychiatric Ward. Dr. Kildare, who has been warned repeatedly not to enter this section because of the danger of being taken for an inmate, creeps stealthily along the corridor, then slips into one of the private rooms. The room is occupied by a voluptuous, hot-eyed young woman of perhaps twenty. She is supine on the bed, fetchingly draped in a white, open-front hospital gown.

Girl: Hi, sugar. You my new doctor?

Kildare (oblivious to her quite obvious charms): No, I'm not on this service. I'm not on any specific service, in fact. I just poke around at random, doing good wherever I can. What's your trouble?

Girl: They say I need a rest.

Kildare (glancing at her chart): Hmmmm . . . Nymphomania, it says here. That must be Latin for nervous breakdown. (He looks up.) You asked if I were your new doctor. Where's your old one?

Girl: Well, he came in to see me regularly, a couple-three times a day, for the first couple-three weeks. But now they got him on the rest kick, too. He's down the hall in another room.

Kildare (knowingly): Cracked up. Probably another Ben Casey, all brain and no heart. They all go eventually. (He sits down on the edge of the bed.) Never mind. We don't need him. I've handled nervous breakdowns before. What seems to be at the root of your tensions?

Girl: They say I'm too accommodating. I mean, I just can't say no.

Kildare: Uh-huh. Spread yourself too thin, try to please everybody. That's an evasion, you know. What you really want is to make one person happy. You ought to get interested in a nice boy. (He smiles proudly.) Bet you never thought of that. I picked it up from *Readers' Digest.*

Girl (brightening): You figure you can smuggle a guy in?

Kildare (rising): No, but I can smuggle you out. I have just the fellow for you.

SCENE III: Another private room in another part of the hospital. Slumped in a camp chair beside the bed is a portly, balding man in his late fifties. He is wearing dark glasses and an off-white gown across the chest of which is stenciled: Hartley K. Crum—Producer. Dr. Ben Casey enters, sneers at Crum, then begins reading his chart.

Casey (studiously): Pulse normal, temperature normal. (He looks up from the chart and glares at Crum.) Fold up your camp chair and hit the road, Crum. You're faking it, you don't have a tumor.

Crum (belligerently): Whattaya mean? The X-rays showed it.

Casey: You're a movie producer, right? You produced "The Blob That Walks The Earth" and "The Blob From Outer Space." Pretty well versed in special effects, aren't you?

Crum (nervously): Whattaya mean?

Casey: Just this. You had those X-ray negatives touched up.

Crum: Yeah? Put your proof where your mouth is.

Casey (witheringly): Fess up, Crum. By pitting my noble character against your spinelessness, sooner or later, I'll break you down.

Crum (breaking down): You're right, Casey. I faked that tumor. But I didn't mean no harm. I just wanted to get out of the house for a few days.

Casey (steely-eyed): Crum, I'm going to see to it that you never practice medicine again.

Crum (on knees, begging): Please . . .

(Concluded on page 80)

Westport's Women

A little commuting town in Connecticut has caused more words to come cascading from more writers' pens than almost any other locale. Here is why.... **article by Morton Cooper**



THEN

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, is a bright, spanking clean community of 22,000 people, surrounded on the south by New York, on the north by New Haven, and on all sides by the unmistakable aura of prosperity. It has been a town since 1835. It was discovered by artists and writers as an appropriate residence in 1915, and the professional suburbanites first began to converge upon it in the middle 1920's. Despite its comparative antiquity, though, Westport isn't last year's town yet. Here live more authors, painters, advertising and business executives and celebrities of the theatre, screen and TV than in any place of similar size in America, and it's still an imposing address to drop at Le Pavillon. ☐ Young Woodley moves here the moment he's landed the cigarette account and he proudly brings his wife and



ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY MARTIN ROSE

AND NOW

1.2 children, who presumably are as confident as he on this initial fat leg of success that he will be able to keep up the payments. He is aware of Westport's marked advantages over big city living, and there are many: the town combines the quaintness of New England with the cosmopolitan quality of New York; the schools are uniformly excellent; the commuting is good and most homebound trains carry a bar; and, most importantly, his wife will be capable of finding the "identity" she has been yammering for since the honeymoon.

Seen as a class, the young wives of Westport tend to take on a specific "identity" within months after the wall-to-wall beige carpeting has been laid. It might not be entirely fair to say there is such a person as the typical young Westport wife, but with a little training one can almost instantaneously detect that a lady resides in Westport, and that she distinctly does not live in, say, Newark or Omaha. She knows that you know this and she works proudly to maintain her community personality.

The old version of the Westport wife—so dear to the hearts of the scandal magazines—moved in fairly limited and predictable areas. She was the peripheral Gloria Wandrous, given to drinking Stingers, given to vast affection for the Lunts and the Krishnahari Dancers, chasing someone else's husband around the Christmas tree, and given to intermittent passion for the cha-cha-cha.

The new Westport Girl—and her type has spread over the town in the past ten years the way syrup spreads across pancakes—is far more sophisticated, a complex of admirable instincts and built-in meretriciousness, a stylish young lady who considers the most obscene word in the language to be *hausfrau*. Except when the women's service magazines come along to momentarily rock her secure boat, she views herself as a liberated female—not only sexually and socially more advanced than her grandmother who was passively resigned to the butter churn and unwavering sexual fidelity to Grandpa, but more advanced than her forerunner, that peripheral Gloria Wandrous.

For one thing, she is the soul of discretion. Feeling liberated, she can intellectualize the rewards of adultery, and she suffers comparatively little guilt when she commits it, yet she never loudly advertises her availability. Her fleeting affairs with the state highway patrolman and the local James Stewartish agronomist are conducted in Westport, but she relegates her serious affairs to New York—usually at The Plaza or St. Regis, usually on the afternoons she trains in to visit her analyst, usually in plenty of time to hurry back to meet the 6:09 and get the pitcher of Martinis ready.

She dresses casually though tastefully; showiness is scrupulously avoided. She learned, shortly after arriving in Westport, that anything remotely resembling braggadocio—whether in dress, furniture, or in inference that her home is riddled with creature comforts—would brand her forever as a vulgarian, and she continually underplays her acquisitions. She reads, attends lectures, plays and concerts, and does her genuine best to keep up with everything current. Unlike Gloria, there is just about nothing of the one-dimensional dilettante in her. Her liberated image of herself goes for broke and she strives to know a lot about a lot.

(This striving, unfortunately, sometimes requires more grappling than she has the capacity to handle. She thinks she has a deep political consciousness, for instance, and she reads *Time* faithfully, but frequently a conversation with her reveals that she is conscious only of issues concerning the personalities of the Kennedys or integration. Other issues such as the world food problem, Telstar, the Common Market, or U. S. bases in Turkey completely evade her attention. Although she talks a damned good surface social awareness, she seldom displays much depth when painted into a corner. She is as upset as everyone else over the developments in Cuba, and for a couple of minutes she speaks a mighty fine Henryluce. But as soon as that first bloom leaves the rose, you discover the fundamental cause of her upset. It seems that Castro was the sonofabitch who closed Veradero Beach and made 15¢ rum impossible.)

Also unlike Gloria is the new Westport girl's determination that her life will be a monument to impeccable order. "My life mustn't simply be running water, going nowhere," she will confide at least once this year to her husband or her lover or her analyst or, more than likely, to all three at, of course, different times. "My life must have *glue*." Glue is, presently, the common noun used most often by the young ladies of Westport. It connotes being mentally and emotionally put together. It rarely fails to impress the listener, which is its purpose.

Gloria slept late, never demeaned herself to lower her aristocratic hands into dishwater, served her exhausted husband Scotch-on-the-rocks on his return home from the mercantile wars and to hell with him if he wanted anything fancier ("You work? Big deal. I work, too, helping you keep up with the gawddamn Joneses. You want a Martini, go mix your own. Oh, and let's eat out tonight. I had a withering fight with the maid."), and convinced herself that the money the old man brought home had been plucked easily from some nearby bushes.

Gloria knew the word *liberated*, yet, self-pityingly, never applied it to herself as an accurate or fair description. Nonetheless, she experimented with the fringes of liberation often. The fashion was to (as that other word went) "cheat" on hubby and to seek herself out by getting involved in the slavish naughtiness of bedding down with To Whom It May Concern. Always gutted with anxieties afterwards because she wasn't hip enough yet to rationalize guilt away, she continued her mattress hopping, seldom deriving satisfaction, invariably hopeful that the next tryst would prove to be the truly fulfilling one—as it surely proved to be, without fail, in the Stanwyck and Crawford movies. Pretty soon, Gloria became so fascinated by the potential ramifications of sleeping around that she wore her diaphragm even for short trips to the supermarket. As her guilt increased, so did her impatience in her own living room and bedroom. The accepted mode was to find fault with hubby's weaknesses, to come on with the temper bit if he returned from the city later than expected ("Don't they have telephones in New York?") or earlier than expected ("How can *I* keep a schedule if *you* don't?") or if he drank too much at parties ("What're you turning into, a lush?") or not enough ("That's right, spread the word that I'm married to a wet blanket!"). Such fishwifery was Gloria's escape hatch. By exaggerating his inadequacies, she might have a chance of hiding her own.

TODAY, you can meet Gloria in Pittsburgh, Paris, Pocatello, and Portchester, but it's a cinch you will not meet her in Westport.

The central reason for this is that there now is a definite, irrevocable way of life implicit in the Westport culture, and the business of social intercourse in Gloria's era was watery, never clearly defined—least of all to Gloria. Her descendant would do something savagely desperate—like missing an analytical session or missing three consecutive issues of *Time*—before treating a husband with open shabbiness.

The new Westport girl has too much class (either innate or thrust upon her) to play shrew with her spouse. She appreciates that he works as hard as her neighbor's husband and she arranges her day so that she will be there to collect him at the station, serve him his mixed drink, and listen quietly, supportively, for sometimes as long as 15 minutes as he discusses his day. When she attends a lecture on Happy Marriages, she pays attention earnestly. She dreads the thought of divorce or even trial

(Continued on page 76)





BLACKWELL'S BEST

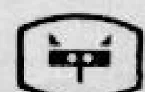
SINCE many readers have evinced an interest in how ROGUE'S glamour photographers live, let's take a look at Carlyle Blackwell who shot the three lovelies in this portfolio. His car at the right, graced in one case by Mr. B., in the other and even more graceful case by Lynn Sherman, is a "D" Jag that he's raced with considerable success. He has thirty-five trophies to prove he has a heavy foot. He does all his own mechanical work and has served on the Board of Governors of the California Sports Car Club for the past five years. He's also staged races and rallyes. To quote Mr. B. directly: "My photographic career started when I won an international salon contest in Germany, in '37. The subject was (what else?) a figure study that I still think is one of my best. My work since then has been mainly in advertising. Girls





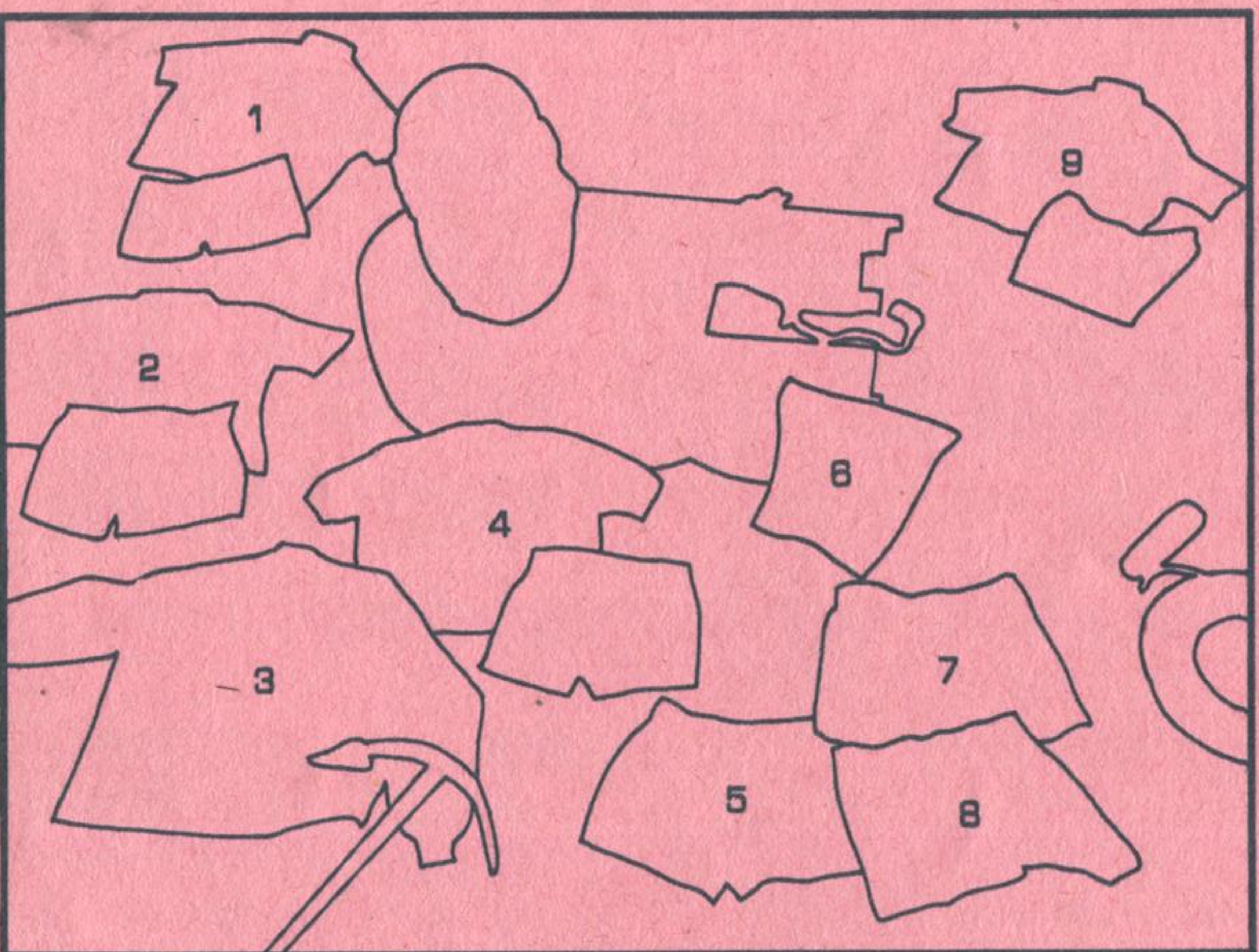


are for fun. Besides advertising, and I've shot everything from helicopters for TWA to the Polaris missile (underneath the sea), I've done a lot of magazine covers and allied photography. I suppose it's because of the 'cars and dolls' aspect of my life that my nickname is the 'Gray Fox.' But let's not brood about that since I've been happily married long enough to have an eighteen-year-old daughter and a twenty-one-year-old son. They're my racing crew. My other proudest boast, after my family and my car, is a three-year-old German Shepherd who has added more trophies to the fireplace mantel than my driving has." In this round-up of Mr. Blackwell's work, he chose the four young ladies you see here, Lynn Sherman, Pat Barbeau, Marli Renfro, and Laura Drew as his all-time favorites. Even the most jaundiced eye should be able to see why. But, as photographers know, it takes more than youth and beauty to make a fine model. These girls have the "extra": the ability to project their own warmth and grace without embarrassment or fake modesty. These attributes, every photographer has told us, along with beauty, are prerequisites for this most demanding of photographic disciplines. About the girls themselves, Mr. B. could only tell us that they are typical Californians—they're not movie-struck and they couldn't care less about appearing on TV, unless it's in commercials where the residuals make it all worthwhile. No stars in the eyes, but possessed with the desire to settle down and get married as soon as possible, this trio, to Blackwell, are as sensible as they are lovely. Other photographers can worry about the problems of dealing with "swingers," "flips," "kooks" and other "far-out" types. But these four level-headed lovelies, for better not worse, preferably richer than poorer, and obviously as healthy a quartet as you'll find in your travels, are Blackwell's best. And if we may be allowed the privilege of a small pun—you could do a lot worse, Carlyle!



GETTING IN THE SWIM OF THINGS

fashion by Jim Baskin



1—Navy blue, Western-denim beach set by Catalina. Trunks about $5.95. Shirt about $8.95.

2—Catalina batik print with windward stripe, terry-lined beach jacket in blue or olive combinations, about $8.95. Matching trunks, $5.95.

3—One of a series of Mighty-Mac cotton-poplin symbol jackets for sailors, $16.95. "Battle Axe" signifies that mothers-in-law and/or wives are aboard.

4—Jantzen lastex-faille trunks with left front contrast to right front and back, $5.95. Knit cotton cardigan in matching colors, $6.95.

5—McGregor printed cotton London Square boxer-top trunks, $5.95. Matching shirt available at $6.95.

6—Surfer trunks of cotton twill with laced top in black, powder blue, red or tan, with white trim and wax pocket, by California Sportswear, about $5.95.

7—Robert Bruce colorfast cotton madras-plaid trunks with slightly longer leg, fully lined, $5.

8—Heavyweight canvas unlined surfing trunks by Catalina with laced top and wax pocket, in two-tone panels with white trim, $6.95.

9—Beach set by Laguna Sportswear combines white with such color combinations as red-tan-blue, olive-turquoise-blue, and tan-gold-orange—about $9. Jacket has cutaway front; matching side stripes on trunks.

Mankind had its origin, so we're told, in a tiny organism deep in the ocean. Small wonder, then, that in the outdoors season his thoughts lightly turn to aquatic sports and he becomes a sea animal, once again. □ Whatever the reason, recent years have witnessed a remarkable growth not only in the number of private and public swimming pools, water skiers, surf riders, skin and scuba divers and spear fishermen, but also in boating enthusiasts. □ After being virtually sewn up in heavy garments during the cold months, men instinctively seize the opportunity offered by water sports to get closer to nature in terms of their apparel. There are few pastimes in the realm of sports that provide as much exhilaration and sense of well-being as water activities, to say nothing of the pleasures of sunning and fishing. And remember, we haven't said a word yet about the male body beautiful. Any man blessed with a good physique may well be pardoned for giving the girls at the beach a chance to dig his tan as he cavorts in his swim trunks, especially now that the trend is toward the trimmer, leg-fitting type. □ Some of these well-endowed male specimens will again wear the tank or brief trunks, but the majority of swimmers will don slightly longer suits than those worn last summer. This has been indicated by the advance guard of vacationeers at southern resorts during the past winter. The Hawaiian length is slated for greater popularity. The longer trunks can be worn into the bar and they give more protection for surf riding. □ Coarser cottons such as duck and denim will be more prominent, supplementing gabardines and twills, for both trunks and cabana sets. Stretch fabrics are again popular, in line with the slenderizing, form-fitting vogue, and cloth trunks get into the swim wtih their closer cut legs. More cottons are being blended with polyesters for quick drying. □ One of the foremost developments, in 1963, is the separate top for swim sets. Matching cabana outfits again are much in demand, but many men who previously gave little or no thought to uppers are buying colorful sweat shirts, cotton velours, cloth or knit jackets, and other tops to coordinate with their solid-tone trunks. This applies particularly to sailing. □ As to color, the greater latitude this year brings in coral, red, yellow, and other bright tones as accent colors in plain trunks. Black and white, however, are again in the lead, followed by medium blues, the pewter, olive and other greens, and, finally, a smattering of camel, beige, and tan. Contrast is provided by large panels. Batiks, paisleys, and seersuckers, in addition to the traditional awning stripes, tartan and other plaids, help round out the pattern picture. □ Another noteworthy arrival is the short jacket for swim sets. The short jacket is being worn with more swim suits and goes well, also, with slacks or walking shorts. Here is a case of marine wear borrowing an idea from sportswear in return for having loaned it the nautical influence. □ The terry-lined cabana set is a practical outfit because it obviates the need for drying the torso with a towel. Many are offered in bold stripes and neat prints. Nevertheless, this season witnesses a sharp rise in the call for sets of white or solid-color durable cloths with contrasting stitching or trim. The 1963 season will also enhance the appeal of the surfer-type trunks with laced fly. □ The new boating attire includes more coordinated sets, some of which comprise jackets, deck pants, shorts and socks. Solids with colorful trim will comprise the bulk of this category, and the choice includes striped sweat shirts, pullovers with crew or Henley collars, and various cotton poplin and slick nylon jackets —the hooded or parka types are favored for rough weather. Among the more colorful jackets are those made of humorous symbol flags. Another boating novelty is bell-bottomed white duck pants, while the conversation pieces on the beach will still be the zany straws.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY KOMORSKI

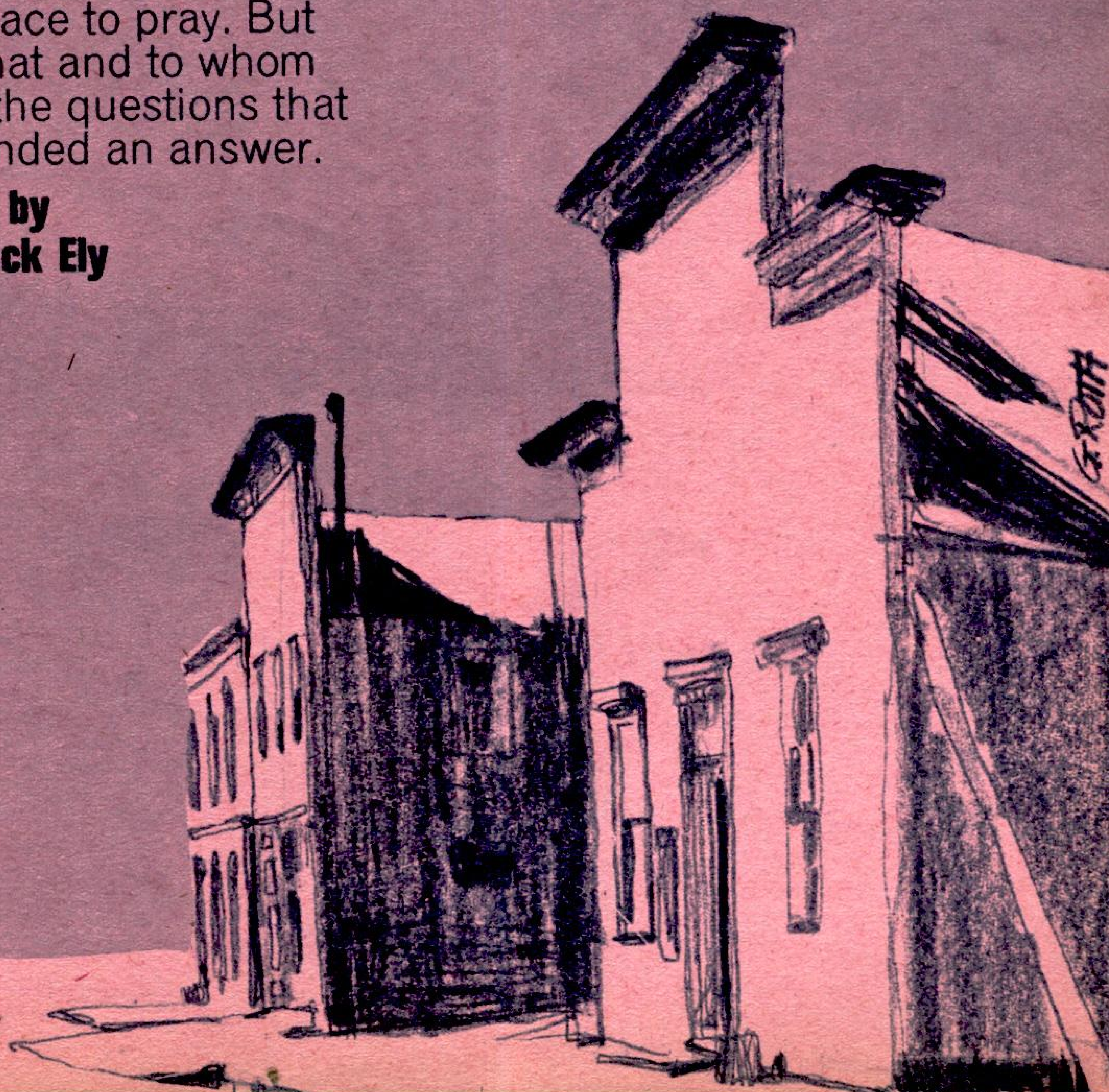


THE ROAD NARROWED abruptly ahead of him. The track of the interurban trolley which had accompanied him on his right cut across the highway in a long oblique, and on the junction rested the battered and streaked old engine itself. In front of it was a ponderous ironwork gate that closed off both track and road, and coming up towards it P.W. Hutchinson noticed it was half-open, and the train's cab empty. He thought he could get his car through without stopping, so he pulled over to his left, down to second, and mounted the tracks, getting as close to the low, barbed-wire fence as possible, and began to ease her through. Beyond, in the flat distance, the road ran on again, the track lying parallel on the left at a safe distance. □Hutchinson got the front end of the mud-streaked Ford coupe through all right, but somehow the angle was all wrong. He stopped, pulled up the brake, stuck his head out the window, and swore at the madman who'd criss-crossed highway and track—and trolley—at such an impossible place. Then, after trying to back up slowly and hearing the wire scraping the length of the car's finish, he cut the engine, and sat back, feeling his heart begin to pump with slow, baffled rage. Maybe get out now and see whatever's best? To his astonishment, he couldn't open either door more than an inch: the fence on his left, the engine on his right. How the—! □He decided to climb out the window, it was the only thing to do now anyway; the sun-grilled metal scorched his palms, and the fence snagged his pants, first in the leg, then in the seat—he was torn a little and blistered a little. Pulling and wrenching here and there, he discovered that the only post that wasn't rotten was the one that kept the door of the car from opening. Wouldn't you know. About a hundred feet from the road, set into the scraggly field, he saw an old, dilapidated and stained frame house. As he approached it, he could also see a small, weathered-away sign: OFFICE. A half-drawn, torn and faded shade hanging askew allowed him to look inside, where there was nothing at all by way of furniture but dust and cobwebs. Hutchinson was so vexed, standing in the sun and looking into this hot desolation, that he banged his fists expressively against the window frame. Almost immediately, and very much to his surprise, there came from

CHANCE THE PRAIRIE PREY

A temple, of course, is a place to pray. But for what and to whom were the questions that demanded an answer.

fiction by Frederick Ely





overhead a cheery, "Hello, there!" He backed up; looked up. A woman with streaky red hair was leaning out a little window above him, smiling broadly. "Just hold on a minute, mister, I'm comin' right down. You hear?"

He muttered to himself, almost senselessly, and he knew it, "By God, you'd better or I'll sue you out of business." And asked himself, "What business? How?"

A minute or two later, and she reappeared, waddling round the side of the house, in front of the rickety porch, and handling a roll of tickets and a ticket punch. "This bein' Sunday, you know, the interurban don't run," she said, half apologizing, "but I don't see much amiss in sellin' you a ticket for tomorrow, do you?"

Keeping his voice even—Hutchinson was a little annoyed to find that it wasn't easy to do—he said, "Look, madam, I don't want a ticket for that train of yours. I only want to get back on the road again."

As though he were a child making what was a legitimate request (to him, but not to her), and afraid he would be denied, outrageously denied, she put her thick, heavily painted lips out in a horrid pout: "Doesn't the nice manums like our li'l 'lectric trains?" His mouth fell, but she went on, "Aw, mister, come on. Buy a ticket. I bet you liked to play with trains when you were a boy. You ain't got too old to forget 'em?" Aware that his mouth was open, he snapped it shut with, "I never liked them. Anyhow, Dad really bought them for himself . . . he only used me for his excuse." What was he saying? Trying to think of a way to get this woman around to his need, he bit his lip and stalled by lighting a cigarette. Before he could speak, however, she'd looked down the field, seen his car, and begun to laugh at the misunderstanding. "Oh, I get it, now. I hadn' seen your car. I'll get Stan to get it back on the road for you." She turned abruptly away, vanishing behind the corner of the house as suddenly as she had come.

Then, she was in the upstairs window again, calling down, "You might as well mosey 'bout the town an' amuse yourself, mister. I'd forgot—Stan won't be able to get you out for 'n hour or two, this bein' Sunday, you know." Her head and bulky shoulders withdrew; he heard her chuckling inside, as if someone was there and had watched the whole silly scene.

Walking steadily on from the place, through the sparse, choppy fields, P. W. Hutchinson headed for the buildings the woman had called town. Town was an absurd word for it: a couple of hundred scorching, shimmering yards more and he would be among the ten or twelve unpainted frame shacks clustered along the broad, dusty road, its ruts baked deep in a random pattern. There were a few ruined cotton woods distributed among them, affording a bit of shade here and there. The largest of the buildings appeared to be a general store, and there were some children scrabbling around in the dust in front of it. He hoped there was an ice tank inside: a beer would bring him through the next hour, though he'd settle for coke—sasprilla even. But it was closed. He rattled the knob uselessly, and smote his forehead, hearing himself say half-aloud, in the woman's voice: Naturally, this bein' Sunday, you know.

HE SAT down wearily on the splintered bench just under the noonday sun's reach, there being but the remains of a shade roof overhead, and watched the kids playing there. One boy, a head taller than the others, stood stiffly, staring off at the horizon, while the others skipped around him, occasionally glancing significantly at Hutchinson, and chanted, *"Ring around the Christy child: Headses full of eyeses wild. . . ."* Suddenly, to Hutchinson's fright, one of the littlest children snatched up a slat with rusty nails at the end, swung it at the boy, and hit him square in the breast; his shirt was torn down, and blood trickled from an ugly gash of three claw marks. He jumped off the porch with a wild cry and dashed at them, scattering them all except the injured lad, who stood stock-still, as he had all along, calmly staring off into the prairie's dazzling spaces as though nothing had happened. When Hutchinson turned him towards himself, he said in a very high, strained voice, "Forgive them, mister. They know not what they do, you know." He shook him gently, "See here, you've been hurt, kid. Those were rusty nails. You've got to be taken to the doctor's."

"Aw, no, mister," the boy said, his large, dark eyes looking directly at Hutchinson for the first time. "Most everyone's in the temple, anyhow." Then, as an afterthought it seemed, he said, "In my father's house."

"Where's that?" Hutchinson said, anxiously, gazing around at the boxy little buildings. The boy pointed at the structure blocking the end of the short street, and Hutchinson immediately started towards it, half dragging the limp, bleeding boy behind him. There was no difference between this house, or temple, as the boy had named it, and the others, except, perhaps, that it might have been painted within the last score of years, and its doorway was framed with a sort of wrought iron gothic arch, that was rusting out. The door, itself, was open, revealing a black interior. As they approached, a little girl in a neat, white, starched and ironed dress appeared and came out putting her finger to her lips.

"Speak softly, please," she said, "Stan's praying, you know."

Hutchinson lowered his voice for the child, he realized, and not out of respect for Stan. "Missy, this boy's been hurt. Do you know who he is? Are his folks in there? Or the doctor?"

"He doesn't need the doctor, sir," the prim little thing said, "This happens nearly every week. He was so full of tetnis shots two years ago, Dr. James just stopped giving him them. Besides, his Dad's our minister here, and it wouldn't be polite to interrupt him now—he's praying, you know." She took the boy by the hand. "I'll take care of him sir, please." Hutchinson hadn't let go of his other arm, so the girl reassured him. "He thinks I'm his mother, as his real mother don't pay him no attention. Thank you, you've been most graciously kind to him. Generally, people aren't. You're bound to be lucky, now, you know." She put her arm affectionately around the boy's shoulders, standing on tiptoe to do so, turned him aside and walked him off in the direction of another house. Hutchinson stood watching them in amazement. Abruptly, as if he'd wakened, the boy stopped, turned back, and addressed him in his high, solemn voice:

"In my father's barn there are many haylofts where rich men search for needles. They want to come to the temple and change them for camels, but they haven't got a chance. I chase them away, you know. But you're nice, mister. I shall therefore suffer the little numbers to come unto thee."

The girl smiled at Hutchinson: a little sad smile, understanding and sad. They proceeded along the street again.

Over Hutchinson's shoulder, a voice said, "Sorta stupid, ain't he?" It was a fellow in worn, dirty overalls, hands thrust slackly, and deep, into the pockets, who grinned in the direction of the departing children. He had no shoes on. No shirt. In fact, overalls were all he wore. His age? Hutchinson thought it would be hard to say—anywhere from forty to sixty. He replied, "Stupid? I don't know. Crazy, maybe." Hutchinson looked hard at this one. "What about you—you been here long, in this place?"

The native cackled, "Long's anyone else. Longer'n most. Folks name me the *taown idjit* but tuh muh way athinkin' that youngun's got it all over me." He grinned as though he had this joke a secret from the rest of the buildings. "Anyhow, reck'n yore the mister I'm huntin' fur. Seein' how yur the ony stranger here'bouts. Corin' wants yuh." He jerked a thumb from his

pocket to indicate the house across the fields, and slouched off the other way. Hutchinson heard him mumbling to himself as he went, and cackling in answer to his own remarks. Town idiot, all right.

He cut back to the redhaired woman's house again, his ankles scratched by the stubble as he went awkwardly across the prairie. He mopped his forehead. Thought again of a water-beaded, cold can of beer. His throat was sore with dry pollen and dust. Looking up, he noticed the red patch of her head in the window. She called to him then, "Com'n round back of the house," and pointed the way. "Just 'curred to me there ain't much goin' on in town today, less you fancy prayin'—which I don't think. You'll be more comfortable here till Stan's ready for you."

In back of the house, he saw a rusty fire escape climbing up to the second story. Her face was made up in a good natured smile for him and shown through the window he was apparently supposed to get in by. "Sorry 'bout the stair, mister, but it's broke down. Careful of your head, now: sorry, but the window can't open no more than this. It got stuck in the last rainy spell, three years back, and hasn' come loose yet. Mister, feel like a beer?"

He straightened up inside, and tried to sound grateful without being too anxious, "Yes, I most certainly would like a beer. Appreciate it!" The room was almost too bare, even though there was a small table in it, two shaky chairs, an unmade bed, the torn and leaking mattress ticking, and a Coke cooler dripping water into a coffee can in the corner. She pulled out a can, punctured it neatly, and placed it on the table. He sat down carefully, and drank as fast as he could, as politely as he could. Then asked about his car, trying to seem casual.

"Stan'll have it on the road for you real soon now, you know, because he's got a funeral to do in Alpen today and as soon as this here town's through prayin' with him, he'll be off. Zed's told him 'bout your car bein' there by now. I know he'll be the one to take care of it. If anybody can, Stan can." She was sprawled on the bed, her legs apart, the dress, or wrapper, or whatever hitched half way up her thighs. Hutchinson felt his hackles turning up, though he tried not to notice her. He did notice her, though. The skin was dirty enough, the flesh soft and sagging enough, the veins abundant enough, and despite his small disgust, the hairs prickled on his scalp. Her hands had this way of holding her beer can in her lap and fondling it. She felt his silence, apparently, to be indicative of his thoughts, and smiled in an odd way at him, abruptly rising. "Gotta leave you, now. If he comes while I'm gone, you'll be able to see him from there," she said, waving a heavy languid arm towards the window that looked over the front of the house. Throwing one thigh over the sill, she squeezed herself through to the fire escape; before the other leg was taken through, she leaned back inside to say, "Take another beer, if you like," and then simpered, "I'll join you in a jiff: it's just nature callin' me now, mister, you know."

HUTCHINSON GOT UP and helped himself to another can of beer, took two dollars out of his wallet and put them under the cans on the table. He went to the window: it looked down into the yard through which he'd come—there was an unpainted rickety outhouse outside the tumbled down fence. His hostess was in there, and he found himself staring at it as if he could look through its splintered siding. Suddenly he was jolted awake by a terrific grinding and scraping of metal from the other side of the house. He rushed across to the front window. He saw the engine moving ahead, but not his car. He rushed back to the other window, clambered out and down the fire escape, and rounded the house on a dead run. The engine was pushing the gate open as it moved ahead, beginning to accelerate. "My car!" he yelped. When the now seemingly gigantic trolley had passed him, he saw his car: it sat safe and undamaged on the highway beyond. Panting from his scare, he stopped and gazed after the engine as it drew away faster towards the low, long, flat line of the horizon that shimmered tan-white in the distance. Then he glanced back at the window, half expecting to see her again. Empty! He crossed the track, got into his sweltering car, and switched on the radio. He slammed the door, turned on the ignition, and stepped on the gas. The motor turned over, all right, but that was all. He looked at his gauge, incredulous. Empty! This was like a mad dream. But it wasn't a dream. Resigned to the logic of it all, he turned off his ignition, the radio which was on, but silent, opened the door and stepped out again.

This time, P. W.—he was speaking to himself—let it come as it comes. Hutchinson walked back to the redhaired woman's house without any reluctance or annoyance in his gait. He seemed even to have a purpose in his walk, as if he knew where he was going. Back behind the house again, he called up. The woman's voice came from the outhouse.

"Sorry to bother you again," he said, a shade of embarrassment in his tone, "but it seems I'm out of gas, you know."

"Jesus," came from inside. "I wouldn't write this down as my lucky day, if I was you." A pause, as if pondering some private question . . . then, "You mean, you got your car back now?"

"Yes, it's back on the road again. I don't know how your friend did it, but he got it there."

"Stan's left already, then. Hmm. Funny, he didn't check your gas for you. But it's all right, you can get some back in town, I think. Just ask for Miss Mary, you know." Then, jeeringly, "Yeah, just you ask for Miss Mary—who thinks she runs the town, you know."

"Thanks a lot. Goodbye." No answer. Walking heavily to let her know he was leaving, Hutchinson called out again, "Goodbye." Still no answer. He set out quickly across the blinding fields again towards the town.

He went directly to the house where the little girl in the white dress had led the wounded lad. He felt hopeful about his gas; of the few people in this place, she seemed the most sympathetic. "A flower among weeds, P. W.," he said to himself, "a flower among the stubble." No one was in sight.

She, herself, answered his knock and gave him a shy but querying smile.

"I'm looking for Miss Mary," he said, almost adding *who runs the town she thinks,* "and I thought you might tell me where she lives."

Her face lit up with a smile of wistful sweetness. "That's easy enough, sir. I'm Miss Mary, you know."

Hutchinson was surprised, but thought that their difference in age required a kind of paternal brusqueness on his part. He said only, "I'm out of gas. I was told to come to you."

Her smile dropped a little, as though she were disappointed in him, but she answered reassuringly, "Certainly, sir. I understand what you want. Just tell me where your car is, and how much gas you need. I'll have it done right away." Hutchinson told her, and was turning away, when she said, "But aren't you hungry, sir? You must have been here for some time already. It will be evening soon, and you'll be getting tired without food. I'd be glad to fix you something to eat, if you'd like me."

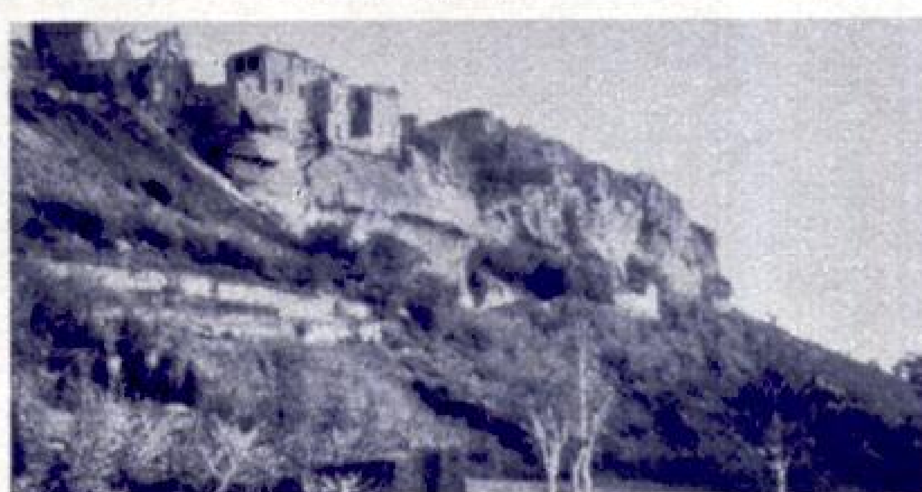
Well, he was hungry. He hadn't noticed it, but now that she'd reminded him, he felt, despite the heat, famished. It might be fifty miles to some crummy café. He was glad to admit he was hungry, and to follow her into the house: through a plain living room into a white, little kitchen that was spotless. A table was covered with a green and white, flower-printed oilcloth. Neat chintz curtains on the windows, a grandfather clock next to a black cast iron

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Gourmet's Tour ala Michelin

Here's how to eat your way to heaven. All you need do is find out if your restaurant rates one, two, or three stars. Join us on a Rogue's Voyage Gastronomique . . . article by Neil Morgan















PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE AUTHOR

IN A FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT across from New York's Central Park, an empty bottle which once held an 1867 Bordeaux wine now occupies a place of equal prominence with a splendid Steuben vase. In La Jolla, California, a tiny silver saucepan dangles from the key chain in a Mercedes-Benz. In St. Louis, the favorite evening pastime of a graying attorney is to browse through his library of *la grande cuisine*. All over America, new restaurants, many of them flossy with leather and glass but doomed to mediocrity, boast hopefully of something they call "continental cuisine."

In such diverse evidence is found the mark of the great restaurants of France which, in their finest hours, are incomparable.

The empty wine bottle is a shamelessly nostalgic token of a recent dinner at Les Baux-en-Provence, beneath the crumbling battlements of a feudal city in Southern France. The key chain with its silver saucepan marks its owner as a member of the Club de la Casserole, an honor granted at the whim of René Lasserre, proprietor of the most recent restaurant to win three-star rank, highest in the revered *"Guide Michelin."* The St. Louis bachelor is one of thousands of Americans whose travels in France have left them irrevocably enamored of the French chef and vintner. The assembly-line American restaurants offering "continental cuisine" rarely show evidence that their proprietors or their chefs have any idea of what they are talking about; but then, neither do most of their patrons.

Last summer, my wife and I ate at least one meal in nine of France's eleven three-star restaurants: four of the six which are in the provinces, and each of the five in Paris. These eleven three-star restaurants are singled out by Michelin as superior to sixty thousand others in France; yet among the nine we visited, two in Paris have no conceivable right, except that of tradition, to be in such lofty company: Laperouse and Maxim's.

Lapérouse is a fading aristocrat occupying two low-ceilinged floors across the Seine from the *Palais de Justice*. The dining rooms are broken up into cozy *salons*, and it was to a table in one of these rooms that the *maitre d'hôtel* directed us—although it was already bulging with diners, and despite a reservation made the day before. A captain pointed toward the only empty table; it was bare of silver or crystal, and there was only one chair. I made a little plea in my poorest French for a second chair, but the captain had many things on his mind; he was unable to understand why we didn't sit. The maitre d'hôtel reappeared, sighing, apparently deciding I was being difficult. He sent us upstairs to a pleasant table overlooking the Seine, from where we could see the lighted Gothic spire of Sainte-Chapelle, and look down on the *bateaux-mouche* plying the river. Our crisis seemed past.

We ordered what turned out to be a very ordinary meal: the beef was sinewy, the chicken drab. In happy anticipation, and knowing the reputation of Lapérouse for its cellar, I had thought it a good time to pamper ourselves with a bottle of 1949 Haut-Brion. The wine appeared promptly, but to our amazement it was taken to four other Americans who had just been seated at the next table. As our *sommelier* stood by, one of the Americans tasted it, approved it, but told the sommelier they had not ordered wine. That luckless man chose not to understand the Americans, and they went ahead and enjoyed the masterful Bordeaux. I shall never know, I suppose, if he tried to collect for it. That would have been a lively moment; even in France, a bottle of 1949 Haut-Brion brings up to twenty dollars.

One of the few moments of attentive service we received at Lapérouse occurred after I had dropped a slice of potato *au gratin* on the tablecloth. A waiter appeared and whisked it off with a napkin. It landed with a soggy thump on the black silk bodice of one of the Americans at the next table. She was cheerful. "First we get your wine," she mused, "and now your potato."

OUR EVENING at Lapérouse, happily, was one of two exceptions to the Michelin rule, and it came near the end of our three-star tour. Our first brush with a provincial three-star restaurant came as we drove a zig-zag course northwest from the Riviera to Paris. Poring over the *Guide* before we left the United States, we had routed ourselves to visit four of the six provincial three-star restaurants in three days, and to stay overnight at inns associated with three of them.

We had given notice before coming, by mail from the United States, accompanied by deposit checks when overnight stays were involved. Confirmation from each restaurant awaited us when we checked into the Hotel Negresco at Nice. The stage was set. We drove through the Van Gogh country of Provence, where the sunlight is dazzling bright on green fields and stony, blue-gray hills. In the late afternoon, we wound around the melancholy thousand-year-old fortress of Les Baux; at the head of a rock-sheltered valley lies an elegant but unpretentious country inn, L'Oustau de Baumanière, owned by the noted chef, Raymond Thuilier. Ours was the only American car in sight; there were others from France, Belgium and Switzerland whose owners, we learned, do not complain at driving two or three hundred miles for a day or two of feasting at Baumanière. There are twenty rooms at Baumanière; in ours, gold velvet draperies framed the bed. At sunset, as shadows raced up the valley toward us, guests appeared on a sandy terrace, sipped innocuous *apéritifs* and pored over deceivingly simple menus, a charming contrast to the typical American restaurant whose elaborate menu is sometimes the high point of the evening. We chose a leg of lamb from the nearby Alpilles, totally enclosed in a flaky crust and delicately flavored with rosemary. The sommelier appeared and recommended a native *rosé*. When our dinner was ready, we were shown to our table in a grotto-like dining room of Romanesque arches and niches. The lamb was incredibly good; the *rosé*, unlike most *rosés* exported from France, had tang and authority. An orange *soufflé* was flawless. No single item on the menu was priced above $2.75; our check for dinner and wine was about $25. After lunch the next day (lobster in cream and quail), we met M. Thuilier. Once a lawyer, he chose the kitchen rather than the courtroom, and inveighed in it an equal dignity. He took us through his kitchen and told us of his trip to the United States, this coming winter, to lecture on gastronomy. He spoke with kindliness, but an air of obligation seemed to surround his plans for the journey, like that of a missionary departing to take God to Bechuanaland.

That afternoon we drove north up the Rhone Valley to Vienne, an ancient town which many French regarded for a long while as a shrine because of the presence there, on a side street near a Roman pyramid, of a restaurant with the simple sign: *Point, Restaurateur.* M. Fernand Point, the greatest chef of his day, is dead now; his widow Mado Point has carried on despite the loss of both her husband and, more recently, the chef who assisted Point for many years. Her Restaurant de la Pyramide invokes a sense of reverence in the most casual visitor. The pilgrim follows a stone walk through a little formal garden and climbs three steps into a homey room. The walls are somber in dark paneling, but when we were there the room teemed with tulips and hyacinths, and the pleasant smiles of the staff added to the sense of brightness. As we ordered, I faced the unhappy fact that I was not very hungry. Worse still, the afternoon drive through the pungent fields and pastures of the Rhone had triggered an allergy; I had a throbbing sinus headache that was beginning to set off waves of nausea. Clearly I

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"You say 314 placed a tall order and you're delivering it?"

ROGUE THROWS A PROMOTION PARTY

The editors of ROGUE throw a ball for visiting firemen at Chicago's posh Essex Inn















CONSIDER, for a moment, the complexities involved in throwing an after-hours promotion party for an adventure-seeking band of tobacco conventioneers. The object, of course, is to interest your guests in the prospects of advertising with ROGUE. The method you use is more or less self-evident—you simply have to throw a blast that outdoes all others the boys have seen during their stay in the "windy city." So, your first move is to contact your friends at the Essex Inn on Michigan and Eighth, the home of the "Rogue Room," and get a bash going. Next, you hire a group of swingers called the Johnny Pate Trio to make with the music, and latch onto a fantastic magician-comedian named Senator Clarke Crandall who guarantees to tickle the risibilities of your guests while he dazzles them with high-caliber, close-up magic. Then, you get on the "Don Ameche" and order more booze than any thousand people could drink. That done, all you have to do is sit back and wait for the show to get underway.

Midnight arrives and the guests start pouring in while your bartenders start pouring it *out*. The band starts up, people mingle, and in a couple of hours you're down to that "let joy be unconfined" mood. ROGUE's good friend, Manager Bill Hickey of the Essex, has made sure there are no squares on your floor, so there are no visits from the fuzz. And along about 7:30 A.M., the last guest wends his weary, but unrepentant, way home.





Top left, one of the Brothers Four laughs it up, while bearded Bruce Elliott laughs it down. The gentleman with the walrus mustache is Clarke C. Crandall busily mystifying the quidnuncs. Peering at his wife through liquor beclouded spectacles is Al Lerman, "our son, the promotion man." Bottom right, Editor Frank Robinson and Asst. Editor Dave Stevens are confused by the conjuror. Far right, Associate Editor Bill Mackle and Reader's Service Pat O'Brien do the Twist.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AL DE BAT

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way out of the agency. Rapidly. Maybe if I scare him, he'll straighten out. So I tell him.

"The whole damn job is down the drain," he begins again.

Austin was the account man for Old Heather Scotch Distilleries. Fat billings year after year. The only trouble was—Austin was short on the talent end. After he inherited the account, his campaigns had as much bounce as a lead ball. The people at Old Heather were unhappy. If they left the agency, Austin left. Old Austin with his pretty, pushy wife, his two kids, and his fistful of debts.

"I've been thinking about Old Heather," I tell him. He's desperate, grasping for any kind of charity, and I think I'm Santa Claus. "The way I see it, Austin, your ads aren't pulling because the marketing boys gave you the wrong slant."

I analyze his whole campaign for the past season. He's got two old creeps at a mildewed club toasting each other. Underneath, it says "Wherever quality is appreciated." He's got an Edwardian stiff in a tuxedo standing at the bar in the Savoy: "Wherever quality is demanded." Another of Austin's misfires has a spotlighted shot of Old Heather on a piece of black velvet, the whole thing surrounded by jewels—"Wherever quality gets together." It's about as gay as a funeral.

"The quality pitch isn't selling," I admonish. He's down to the peel in his fourth martini.

"It's a quality Scotch," Austin says limply.

"But it's also expensive," I blast him. "Take a guess how many guys ask 'How about an Old Heather and water?' and then pour out a shot of Old Stomach Disintegrator and the guest never knows the difference."

Austin looks aghast.

"Austin," I go on, leaning into it, "you can't promote the sales growth of a quality product unless you promote the growth of a quality market. There are a limited number of people with quality taste buds."

"Absolutely right," he admits. "Quality pitch laid an egg."

By this time I've completely lost control. I'm going to save old Austin.

"First of all," I tell him, "you're associating the product with a bunch of fossils. No good. Reminds people of old age and death. They don't like old age and death shoved under their noses, so they don't buy Old Heather. Then you've got a sophisticated guy with a mustache at a posh bar. No good. Most people would never go near a place like that. They'd be afraid they'd spill something or do something gauche and get the icy stare from the maitre d'."

"Absolutely logical," Austin says. "Well thought out."

"On the other hand, what makes them happy?" I ask. Austin is chewing on the peel, engrossed.

"Happy times," he volunteers, grinning stupidly.

"Right," I say. "When was the last time you were happy?"

Austin ponders this one a minute because he really wants to give me a well-thought-out answer, nothing off the top of the head.

"There was this time I went to a county carnival with this stacked girl who—"

"How old were you?" I interrupt, heading him off before he can inflict a mass of nostalgia on me.

"Alex, old buddy," he says, "I was just a young—"

"Youth!" I cut in feverishly. "Now you've got it! Associate Old Heather with youth instead of a bunch of old creeps. Let 'em remember the good ol' days when they got their kicks. Put 'em in a roller-coaster with a bottle of Old Heather. Hand 'em a highball and a volleyball at the beach. Show 'em at a backyard barbecue with Old Heather. Put 'em in a haystack!"

Three months later, Old Heather comes out in four-color in every major magazine in the country with two all-American muscle boys and a busty nymph in a roller-



"Now that you mention it . . . I do remember a Boutell Smith . . . He was my roommate in college."

coaster. They're laughing. They've got Old Heather. Next, comes the whole gang at the beach. Everything is swell. They have Old Heather, and Austin has one of the hottest campaigns the agency ever puts out. Old Heather sales jump 64.7 per cent in six months, and the great youth movement in American advertising is launched. Within a year Austin is named V.P. in charge of creativity. Since the night at the Imperial Bar, he hasn't said more than ten words to his old buddy.

I COULD see it coming. Austin calls me late one Friday afternoon, but then he throws me off guard by asking me about the novel I'm working on. The knot leaves my stomach because I actually think he called me in to talk about my novel. So I start to tell him, the whole thing.

"So it's about the advertising game," Austin says.

"Not really," I say. "It's more like the whole New York scene, you know, expense accounts and Danish furniture and things like that."

"I hope I'm not in it," Austin chuckles, hoping that he is.

"No, nobody in the advertising racket," I tell him. "My hero, Adam Gregory, is a writer. But he's got me stymied. I can't get to him. One day I think I know him, heart, mind, liver, and spleen, and the next day he gets away from me. He's in a trap right from paragraph one, chapter one, but all I can do is pity him. I can't love him."

"Yeh, well, all very interesting, Alex," Austin cuts in. "Alex, old man, I hate to be the one to tell you this, but you understand how it is in the old advertising game."

"How long have I got?" I ask bluntly.

"A month from today," he says. "I'm sure you'll have no trouble finding another spot. Lots of agencies are looking for experienced performers."

For a year my charity has been like a cinder in the eye, and now he's removed the cinder.

I am a man that has to give. I have to give as I have to breathe. But what I have to give has to be taken as an expression of love, not charity. Sure, the Bible says that it's more blessed to give than to receive. But that doesn't mean that it's not also blessed to receive. To know *how* to receive, that's the tough part.

Right now, my hero Adam Gregory is the only one who returns my giving in kind. We have laughed together, suffered together, sat many afternoons and evenings on this balcony watching the coming and goings on Hankow Road. At times there has been nothing but anger between us. Other times, nothing but love. *No charity.*

Occasionally, he retreats into the limbo of his imagined being, where I can only grope for him, like when I treat him clumsily, make him perform stupidly, or put foolish words into his mouth. That's because Adam's an original personality. I'm not. I call him one of the world's last constitutional optimists. Not out of stubbornness, either. Out of faith. It's an original outlook.

"Li-ling is your friend," Adam would say. "But you're not going to lift a finger to help her."

"I've been burned too many times," I'd try to explain, ignoring his disappointment. "I'll help when I'm *asked* to help."

Only Li-ling doesn't need any help now. She has the corporal on his feet again. He's resigned. It's highly likely, of course, that he'll fall asleep once he gets to Li-ling's room, and she'll have to sit by the side of the bed knitting and humming small songs to herself. Meanwhile, maybe I'll order up some ginger grouse or beggar's chicken—with Suchow sauce—and listen to the lonely hoot of outbound freighters as they churn past the patchwork junks.

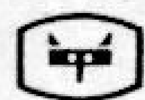
If the corporal doesn't fall asleep, he'll be stumbling down the stairs again in another fifteen or twenty minutes, his passions allayed, his guilt numbed until the next time. Li-ling will be along a few minutes later. Maybe she'll stop by my balcony to gossip about her girl friends and have a drink of apricot brandy. It's the only thing she drinks, and I keep a bottle handy just for her. I never touch it myself.

"How is Adam?" she will ask. Li-ling knows him almost as intimately as I do.

"We just had an argument over you," I will tell her. "He wanted me to send that corporal packing."

"Oh, that Mister Adam has a gentle heart," she will say, as she has said many times in the past. Then she'll ask me to read to her what I've written about Adam Gregory.

Or maybe she won't stop by. Maybe she'll merely wave at me and head back to the Golden Phoenix in search of another customer.

I wish her luck. 

Bester

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 8

the new positions right on the ground cloth. Next time she sung 'Norma,' we put everything right where she moved them to. She come down and moved them again, so we gave up."

I asked Risë Stevens about this. She said, "There's a simple answer. Maria is blind without her glasses. Many other singers are, too. They have to get the feel of the positions."

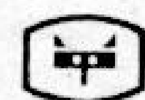
Then Risë told a harrowing prop story about "Carmen." In the second act when she sings and dances with castanets to tempt Don Jose, she has something like three seconds in which to get the castanets on. She always places them carefully in position on a table so that she can reach behind her and slip them on as quickly as possible. They are never where she placed them, and she always has a moment of panic while she gropes around for them. She says she doesn't know whether this is the result of accidental jostling or practical joking, but it always gives her nightmares.

Accidents of one sort or another are inevitable in any production as complex as Grand Opera, but sometimes they're artfully planned. I saw "Salome" in Paris in which an unknown singer was making her first appearance. On her entrance, her diaphanous gown slipped from her shoulders, displaying her nude body to the navel. She blushed prettily, ran off, and there was a stage-wait until she returned with her costume secured. Next day every critic remarked, *"Quelle belle poitrine!"* and her career was made.

I must mention curtain calls at the Met. Taking a curtain call is a specialized art in the entertainment world, and there are many different schools and practitioners which never fail to delight me.

The Italian tenors take their calls as though they're emerging from a morning dip in Lake Como, wide awake, grinning, and athletic. The baritones, on the other hand, are majestic, and usually warn their subjects that it's time to begin the ovation by slapping the curtain from the inside before they stride out with the momentum of an irresistible force on its way to meet an immovable object.

The German singers are generally members of the "Trunk School." This was founded by Emil Jannings and is so called because it is said of their performances that they carry a trunk onto the stage and sl-o-w-ly unpack it. The "Trunk School" take their calls in an emotional stalk downstage to the footlights, meanwhile making clutching grabs with outstretched hands, their faces tortured by migraine.

But perhaps my favorite Met curtain call story is the one about Australia's great Nellie Melba. In her day, the stars used to take their calls in front of the curtain crossing from right to left, bowing and smiling. As Melba took her stately cross, one ecstatic fan in the front row leaped to his feet and screamed, "There's no one like you, Nellie! No one!" Madame Melba stopped, bent over and hollered back, "You betcha!" 

Prairie Prey

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stove, the pendulum shining brass. She placed a glass, a pitcher of water, and a small saucer before him on the table. He assumed the saucer was meant to serve as an ashtray, and he was pleased. "Make yourself at home, sir," she said brightly. "As soon as I find someone to take care of your car, I'll fix your dinner." Hutchinson nodded, and lighted a cigarette.

She returned fairly soon. The injured boy accompanied her mutely, sitting down opposite Hutchinson on a stool against the wall and resting his elbow on the cold stove. "Is it always this hot here?" Hutchinson asked vaguely.

"Oh, my goodness, no! Winters are really terribly cold. And we have lots of snow. It drifts so high sometimes, we can't get out for weeks it's so deep." Her voice was musical, he thought, and pleasing.

"Well, then, how do you get food when it's like that?" Hutchinson was cutting into the pork chop she'd set before him, cold.

"Oh, you know, it's not like that too often. And even when it is that bad, Stan can get food from Alpen for us. They send out the snowplow for him, and then he gets the food and delivers it to us. Sometimes, he has to give it down through the windows, the snow's that deep."

"Sounds hard. Do you have tornadoes in summer?"

"Not often, really. And we've never been hit by one here."

The conversation stopped. It was quiet in the room, except for the steady slow ticking of the pendulum. Hutchinson thought she might be an orphan—the house seemed empty of adults to him—so he did not ask about her family. He regretted her innocence and adolescence: he couldn't talk as man to woman with her, to while the time. After putting a wedge of apple pie before him, the girl hurriedly hung up her apron. She seemed, unaccountably, suddenly nervous, stroking her hair down and glancing at the clock, as though she had to go somewhere. How much did he owe her for the gas, and the meal, Hutchinson asked.

"Oh, no!" She seemed genuinely surprised. "Don't think you should pay me! I don't have a filling station. I just happen to have gas because my uncle died and left it. I don't even have a car for it. Just keep it handy in case someone like you comes along. As for the food—real strangers come by so seldom. Honestly, sir, I don't think you should pay me."

When Hutchinson seemed about to insist, she said at last, "But really, I simply couldn't allow you to pay me for *that!*" She stopped, as if ashamed of the peculiar emphasis she had put on *that*. Hutchinson picked her up on it, and asked then if there might be something else he *could* do, to show his appreciation for her help.

"Well, there is something, you know," she came out, hesitantly. Then, hopeful and stronger in tone, "If you'd really like to, I mean. Sunday nights we put on a little entertainment here we call our Bargain Basement. That's because we hold it in the cellar of the store. Tickets are a little high —five dollars. But then, everybody has a chance to win. If that doesn't seem too much for you, I'd like you to come with me there."

Five dollars! In this hole? But Hutchinson felt obligated for the gasoline and the hospitality and the food. Really, there wasn't any way out now. He gave her the money, and she handed him a little piece of cardboard, heartshaped. It read, *WHO, Des Moines.* "What's this?" Hutchinson asked, grinning.

"It's the name of a radio station—in Iowa," she said, her face down in a slight blush, "but it's also your ticket for Bargain Basement. You'll understand more later. That is, if you mean to come, you know." She blushed again. "I hope you'll come. Please excuse me now, but I must go ahead. The man who won last week wasn't there, so I have to be there early tonight."

She seemed anxious, but, not comprehending what she was talking about, and wanting to seem as though he did, Hutchinson pretended not to notice it. She told the strange boy, whose shirt was pinned together now, though not enough to conceal the raw wound, washed and clotted over, to bring him to the "communication room" as soon as he'd finished his dessert. She gave him one last curious look as she went out, saying again that she hoped she would see him later. Hutchinson thought she meant that, having eaten and received his gas—paying too much for it all, he wouldn't bother to come to their Sunday amusement.

"I'll come," he promised, "I've got my ticket now." When he'd finished his cigarette, and leaned back, the boy said, abruptly, "You know, mister, that God,



"Why, that there dog is smarter'n a lot of folks I know."

our Father, said to let it be and there was light. He gives it to us, so we should go not to his communication room like he wants us all to. You know?"

THEY CROSSED the darkening street to the store. There was a light inside now. Hutchinson looked through the dusty window, while the boy went in. Under the kerosene lamp, behind the counter laden with hardware, a blackbearded man was hunched over a ledger. He stood up as the boy waited at the counter. He was very tall. The boy handed him something and came towards the door again. The bearded man glanced at Hutchinson now, stiffened, but wore no change in his expression. The boy led him around to the back of the building. To his surprise, several cars were parked there. The cellar doors were open, and light came up the stairs. Hutchinson went down, and was even more surprised by what he saw.

There was a very large table beneath a brilliantly glaring and unshaded bulb. Twenty or more men, farmers in overalls, salesmen types in awkward suits, hands in shirtsleeves, stood around the table, all very engrossed in what they were doing. Hutchinson approached and saw that the table was covered by a fantastic maze of tiny tracks, over which ran a little switch engine and caboose. No one paid the least attention to him as he joined them. The boy had gone around to the other side of the table and seated himself at a big, old Philco radio. There was a standing microphone beside him, and he turned it on with the radio. As it warmed up, he began twirling the knobs absorbedly. Behind him was a heavy burlap curtain that covered what must have been another room, or part of this one, Hutchinson couldn't tell exactly. He was distracted from looking at it by a screech as the boy turned the volume up deafeningly. Hutchinson saw that the dial had been painted out—it was blank; furthermore, the din was increased because the boy did not stay on one station for more than a few moments, switching instead, in rapid succession, from conversations on a mystery program, to a news broadcaster's staccato barking, to a bit of a dance tune. Between stations, the boy made quick comments in his high, toneless voice, now coming over the loudspeaker. The programs made no sense, one after another, but the lad interjected phrases to connect them: *and, but, however, nevertheless, accordingly,* and so on, ending his comments illogically. When the blaring had first begun, some of the men had looked over at him, and then grinned knowingly at each other, but the running little train had immediately reclaimed their attention. Hutchinson began to study the table.

The pattern of the tracks was impossibly complex. The table was literally a maze of forks, switches, junctions and crossovers, and there were no straightaways. Switches led to switches, and the only curved elements in the entire track system simply served to keep the engine on the table. Hutchinson had never seen anything like it, and the thought crossed his mind fleetingly that whoever had built it had had a funny sense of humor, and had done so to entertain himself by trying to see just how ingenious he could possibly be. In any case, it worked out now simply as a gambling machine.

The system was simple enough, in principle. Each man had stationed himself at one of the curves near the edge of the table, and whenever the train passed his spot he would place a dollar beside the track. At the far end of the table, near the boy, was a longish curve which had been daubed with bright red enamel. The engine ran slowly, steadily, continuously, and each time it passed the marked loop, the man betting on the curve it passed first afterwards would collect all the dollar bills lying on the table. Obviously, there must have been some unseen switching control hidden somewhere which kept changing the table switches constantly so that the engine never took the same route twice in succession: sometimes, it returned to the red spot at the end after only hitting one or two curves; other times, only after passing forty or fifty. Hutchinson, intrigued, picked out one of the empty scallops near the edge of the table, and began betting with the others.

He had lost ten or twelve dollars, and was thinking of picking out a luckier curve to bet on, when a movement of the curtain behind the boy and the radio caught his eye. A man emerged from behind it: a gross, dirty, unshaven, pimply man with a leer to his wet mouth. Hutchinson was repelled by him instantly, and felt a surge of hatred and disgust in his throat. The others had looked up from the table, too; they were looking at the man, at him, and seemed to be listening to the radio, too. Hutchinson realized that the boy had stopped twirling the dial. They all seemed suddenly curious and expectant; but he, bewildered, heard only a familiar announcer's voice sing-songing about a new cigarette, until, when he had finished, there came the pause, and the break: ". . . coming to you over Station W . . . H . . . O, Des Moines. . . ."

The radio was snapped off. The boy rose with a jerk from behind the table, pulled back the burlap curtain, saying in his high, intense voice, "That God's will be done, the receiver of his communication will please step forward now." Hutchinson, staring, saw the girl, little Miss Mary, who thought she ran the town, standing revealed in the dingy alcove. She was grotesquely erect in high-heeled shoes, and wore a stained, tight, black satin dress. Through the tears streaking the clumsily and heavily applied powder and rouge and green mascara, she was smiling plaintively, beseechingly, at him, Hutchinson.

Behind her, he saw the ornate and gilded frame of the iron bedstead. . . .

HE STUMBLED UP the cellar stairs into the night. It was still suffocatingly hot. He made his way, stumbling, through the weeds, onto the street, out on the prairie towards the lonely single trolley track, through the half-opened gate which he struck in the dark, to his car. He didn't think to see if the engine had returned, though it crossed his mind as he got in that he felt it had. He concentrated on starting the engine, but with a touch of panic heard the starter grinding over uselessly—until he remembered to turn on the ignition.

Parkinson's Law

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cloud-capped towers of the city center, there are squares and cloisters, arcades and lanes from which all traffic will be excluded, being banished to subterranean levels. The main *piazza,* where the orchestra will play on summer evenings and where people dance in the moonlight, is dominated by the famous statue of "Roguery," reflected in a pool where children sometimes dive for pennies. Above the archway leading from the piazza to the bridge over the Eugor Canal is inscribed, in gold, the city's first law, "Do as you please." It was into this canal that Senator Dimwit was thrown on the day when he criticized the city's moral standards. It is normally used, however, for more romantic purposes, and especially for boating with colored lanterns after the masked balls which are held in May and June. Culmination of this summer festival is the election of the Rogue Queen, whose reign lasts until the end of December; until, in fact, the King Rogue takes her place. Enroll now, dear reader, as a candidate for citizenship and prepare to take the solemn oath which begins, "A Rogue is a Rogue is a Rogue . . ." and ends with the deathless vow of loyalty: "Once a Rogue, always a Rogue."

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separation because she views such calamities as bald admissions of weakness.

Because she worships order and continuity, she is repelled by exhibitions of spontaneous outburst and, for that matter, words too daringly associated with strong emotions; she says "relationship" instead of love, "passed on" instead of died, and "fond of" instead of like. Consequently, she doesn't nag her husband, though she knows her older sisters in Newark and Omaha still nag theirs. Nagging is another admission of weakness. If she is displeased by him, she will go into a temporary, fashionable depression as a way of demonstrating that she is displeased by him. The depression works miracles, and is guaranteed to make any husband—who, after all, is footing her $50 to $85 weekly psychoanalyst's bill and is, therefore, in a position to know that depressions are the result of distant drums, not capriciousness—apologize to his young, Westport wife. The fact that he may have absolutely nothing to apologize for doesn't occur to him. An apology, simply and lovingly offered, will generally set the "relationship" right again. Once his apology has been recorded, she will smile and, for both their benefits, "talk out" her observations of his current problems in relating. Her vocabulary will be as vivid and as juicy as a watercress sandwich, but, letting her cut his way through the thick brush, he will eventually get the message.

But for their occasional and semi-consciously well-timed clinical discussions about themselves, the marriage moves along smoothly. She would never dream of telling her husband that he drinks too much in company. Indeed, she can mix and serve a titanic Martini or Manhattan with enormous skill and she can keep up with him, drink for drink. She likewise would never dream of tearing him down, however tactfully, during word-game parties with girl friends (she regally looks down her nose at Mah-Jongg or Bridge). She reserves her complaints for the ears of both analyst and lover.

The new Westport girl, as I indicated earlier, is confident she knows precisely what she is doing as an adulteress. It is inconceivable to her that her husband might have an overheated tootsie tucked away in Washington Square ("I fill all of Jack's needs along those lines and, anyway, when would he have the time?") and she would be acutely injured if she were to learn otherwise. She believes herself to own a keen sense of morality. Wild horses couldn't drag her within 10 miles of a "blue" movie ("puerile claptrap") or a sex orgy ("the acting out of incestuous impulses, the sickest step beyond voyeurism"), but if she can find a genteel way to call a shack-up "a meaningful man-woman relationship," and if Taurus is in concert with Jupiter, then look out below!

Her chief difference with Gloria is that Gloria horsed around but didn't quite know why. The present young Westport wife knows why. Gloria, restless and caught mid-stream in the transition between subservience and sure-footed independence, "cheated" ("having an affair" was too cumbrous and hifalutin a phrase) with vigorous, puffing fantasies of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell romance: "Maybe, just maybe, this new guy will be Prince Charming and he'll carry me off on his charger; wheeee-ee-ee!"

Today's awakened Westport homemaker toys with such fantasies, too, but she is content that they will never get out of hand. She can come up with a dozen solid reasons for the extra-marital life. Her husband, bless his kind, overworked heart, has been too busy on the commuting treadmill to take a moment to apprise himself of her burgeoning potentials as a knowledgeably *human* human being. The maid takes care of the house, the excellent school takes care of the 1.2 children, and she has a wealth of time to herself. And an affair, properly planned and executed, is, at worst, harmless and, at best, fruitful. And, as even the antiseptic *Ladies' Home Journal* intimates, frigidity—that once dirty word—can and, perhaps, should be examined on more than a single superficial level.

In the course of a Plaza or St. Regis-housed affair, she can be a dreary bore over cocktails and all thumbs in bed (her lover won't impart this information to her; when he's had enough, in a week, a month, or six months, he will simply dematerial-



"I read her diary, then took her out. Frankly, I liked the book better."

ize), but she will persuade herself, for as long as she can hold whatever galloping guilts there may be in abeyance, that she is being appreciated, admired, and even enhanced. Hours after the realization that the assignations are finished has hit her, she might bite her lip and settle into a convenient depression, but she will blame neither herself nor her transient Adonis for the sometimes sudden, sometimes rudely abrupt end. Following eight consecutive sessions with her doctor, during which she works through the possible reasons for the idyll's failure, she will be raring to go once more. The next lover will almost assuredly be named Eric, he will bear a striking resemblance to her husband ("You and Jack would be extremely fond of one another. You're so much alike, and I say that in the most positive sense."), and he will be on his way up in the world of business or art.

AND SO IT GOES. The young woman of Westport, especially the one who was swiftly transported here from a more socially rigid yet less inherently how-good-are-you-in-every-way? setting, without sufficient emotional preparation, is far more cerebral in her personal pursuit of identity than Gloria ever was.

But she, like Gloria, is caught in a transmission belt, although she probably doesn't know it. Gloria's prayerful ideals consisted of everlasting love and happiness, the recipe made up of Rhett Butler semi-rapes, ego-building auto-suggestive lusts, quickie proof that she'd read "The Case of Dora and Max Eastman" in case anyone asked, a good bra, an obediently admiring mirror, and an outspokenly obedient and admiring husband.

Our current heroine of Westport, however, imagines herself to be all reality. She *has* read "Dora" and, also, what she feels to be the bowels of Freud. She longs for Rhett Butler, too, but she can't be sure whether or not she could receive him in terms of semi-rape; semi-rape somehow being more unhinged than actual rape itself. To clear everything up and to make everything neat and incisive, she is ready, day or night, to study and to examine. By analyzing, often to the bone, she can pace herself and, with luck, hold off for a while, at least until the true sense of identity strikes.

Eventually, this just may happen. She can, if no dramatic avalanches fall, look forward to the peregrinations of the young woman of Westport, say, seven years hence. That young woman of Westport will, very probably, view her, the current y.w.o.W. as a peripheral Gloria Wandrous. . . .

As is only right. Progress is progress. 

Gourmet's Tour

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was in no shape for La Pyramide, but, unintentionally, I was about to put the staff to one of the severest tests of three-star service. The maitre d'hôtel commented with quiet concern on my poor color and raised a window beside me. The sommelier recommended a bottle of mineral water. The captain delayed preparation and serving of courses to accommodate my strolls for air in the garden. But nothing could keep me from finishing my plate of *foie gras en brioche,* a paté which appears in the center of an incredibly rich loaf of bread. Even when I did little more than nibble at an extraordinary salmon baked in champagne, my apology was received with Gallic courtesy. Mme. Point bade us farewell finally with a gracious compliment on my persistence, and the reassurance that my face showed better color than when I had arrived. There are, I hope, only a few of us who recall visits to La Pyramide in terms of convalescence.

Next day we drove north through Lyon, the third city of France and a center of fine restaurants—but none any longer among the three-stars. After a morning which took us past the vineyards of Beaujolais and into Burgundy, we stopped for lunch in the little town of Saulieu at Hôtel de la Côte d'Or. It, too, is a country inn: twenty-six rooms above its simple dining room, which is the showcase for Alexandre Dumaine, who many believe is the greatest living chef. Our only contract had been a casual note sent weeks before, but Mme. Dumaine greeted us with a lament about a steamed chicken which awaited us and which should not wait longer. "You are traveling," she said, "and you must eat lightly." She won my heart at the moment. Evidently, I was not the first American to try to eat too many stars too fast.

Our chicken, steamed in butter and a blond sauce, was incomparable. Our wines were from the nearby Côte de Beaune. After lunch, we joined the Dumaines and sipped coffee and cognac of 1906 vintage. The most publicized chef in the world today, M. Dumaine is the root of a legend which his glib and witty wife has helped to prosper. She soothes the guest when her husband becomes adamant, as he did on one occasion when, piqued by an especially unappreciative patron, he stalked out of the kitchen in the midst of the dinner hour and ordered the restaurant closed. His cry echoed throughout our visit: the world is rushing past too fast, there are too few left who care for *la grande cuisine,* and his is a dying art. But so long as 360,000 copies of the *Guide Michelin* for France can be sold, as there were in 1961, Monsieur Dumaine and his Côte d'Or will not languish.

THE PROVINCIAL three-stars are known for their easygoing hospitality, and we found the reputation warranted. In Paris, as in any bustling city, one is more likely to feel the crush and the hurry, even in the best restaurants where dinner checks for two will range around $30 and upward. So to test the hospitality of great Paris restaurants—a hallmark of any good restaurant—we visited them like most tourists: unidentified except by name, and unescorted.

The results of this test were varied. The only uncivil reception was at Lapérouse. The staff at Maxim's tries hard, but cannot overcome the atmosphere that Maxim's has acquired: noisy, brassy, a gilt-and-mirrored museum for gawking tourists, free-spending young rakes and silken ladies, and Parisians who put nostalgia ahead of digestion. No longer can one seriously discuss the food at Maxim's in the same breath with food like that of Dumaine at Saulieu, or Thuilier at Les Baux.

Both Lapérouse and Maxim's are likely soon to lose a star or two. The trio of remaining three-star restaurants in Paris are fully worthy of their rank: Grand Véfour, Tour d'Argent, and Lasserre.

Grand Véfour, founded in 1760, has been revived by Raymond Oliver, a convivial, extroverted chef who has become a television celebrity in France. His father was a Bordelais hotelman, and Oliver leans toward dishes of that region. It was at Grand Véfour that I had my go at two specialties prepared in the Bordelais manner: eel and woodcock. A wealthy man by now, Oliver fusses and putters in his kitchen to insure the superb quality of his food. His profits go largely into an extensive private library of gastronomy, one of the world's largest. A first-time visitor here, as at Tour d'Argent, may be unnerved to find that prices are listed only on the menu that goes to the host; if the curiosity of other wives is as insatiable as my wife's the host menus get passed back and forth at a dizzy rate.

Tour d'Argent is second-best of the Paris restaurants, and it is not necessary to eat the specialty, pressed duck. It is important, though, to arrange for a window table. From a lofty perch, one looks across the Seine at Notre Dame. Even if the food were not flawless, a dinner here would be memorable. But the food was above criticism: Tour d'Argent soup (startlingly akin to bean soup), *quenelles* of pike, *mignonettes* of beef, a dish of fragrant fresh asparagus, and a soufflé. Its reputation—despite heady prices—has tended to give

the staff at Tour d'Argent a suggestion of weariness toward the inquiries of the first-time visitor, and the contrast in their deportment toward stranger and habitué is altogether too evident.

It was the total absence of that contrast which helped to endear to us our favorite restaurant in all of France: Lasserre, which received its third star from *Michelin* only last spring.

We were led to one of the center tables with as glowing a welcome as any maitre d'hotel ever gave his favorite spendthrift. We made the plunge, from large tangy gray oysters (Belon) to sole *fourrée Bagatelle* (sole filets breaded and stuffed with mushrooms, lobster and truffles in a rich white sauce); then came one of the celebrated dishes of Lasserre, sauteéd kidneys —and finally, in total abandonment to schmaltz, the *crêpes Suzette*. With a pleasant bottle of Pouilly-Fuisse and a pair of cognacs, our check was just under thirty dollars. We lingered, enjoying the quiet perfection of the staff. Near our elbows was the central serving station for the seven tables on the lower level of Lasserre. Yet all through dinner we had been oblivious to the service being given others—almost oblivious, indeed, to our own service; it was simply that everything arrived when it should, always heated or chilled, seasoned and served impeccably.

AFTER WE HAD VISITED all of the three-star restaurants of Paris, I went to a gray building in the heavily industrial seventeenth *arrondissement* of Paris and sat in a dimly-lit third-floor room with two officials of the *Guide Michelin*. It is the same room in which restauranteurs are received whose reputations have been injured—sometimes mortally—by the loss of stars. The passion of the *Guide* for anonymity extended to these two men; they requested that they not be identified.

The Michelin tourist department, of which they are officials, employs about two hundred and fifty people, and is rigidly independent from the Michelin tire division, which subsidizes its activities. Besides the red *Guides* which rank hotels and restaurants, the department edits and publishes green sightseeing guides (six of them in English) and the best road maps in the world. Even the French army uses Michelin maps. The tourist department also processes about twenty thousand letters each year from *Guide* customers, who take most seriously their invitation to register approval or to dissent with Michelin ratings.

In the same inquiring spirit, my two Michelin hosts had their notebooks out as rapidly as I produced mine. And before I could get my interview under way, they were quizzing me on my reactions to the nine three-star restaurants we had visited. They beamed when I talked of Lasserre. "We have thought since five years ago of giving a third star to Lasserre," one said. They shook their heads sadly when I spoke of Lapérouse and Maxim's. "We must take as long to withdraw a third star as to give it," the other Michelin man said. "Tradition is at stake. When we sack a restaurant —there is no other word for it—reaction is very strong. The proprietor asks clients to write to us, and then, of course, he tries to improve his cuisine. It is not always possible."

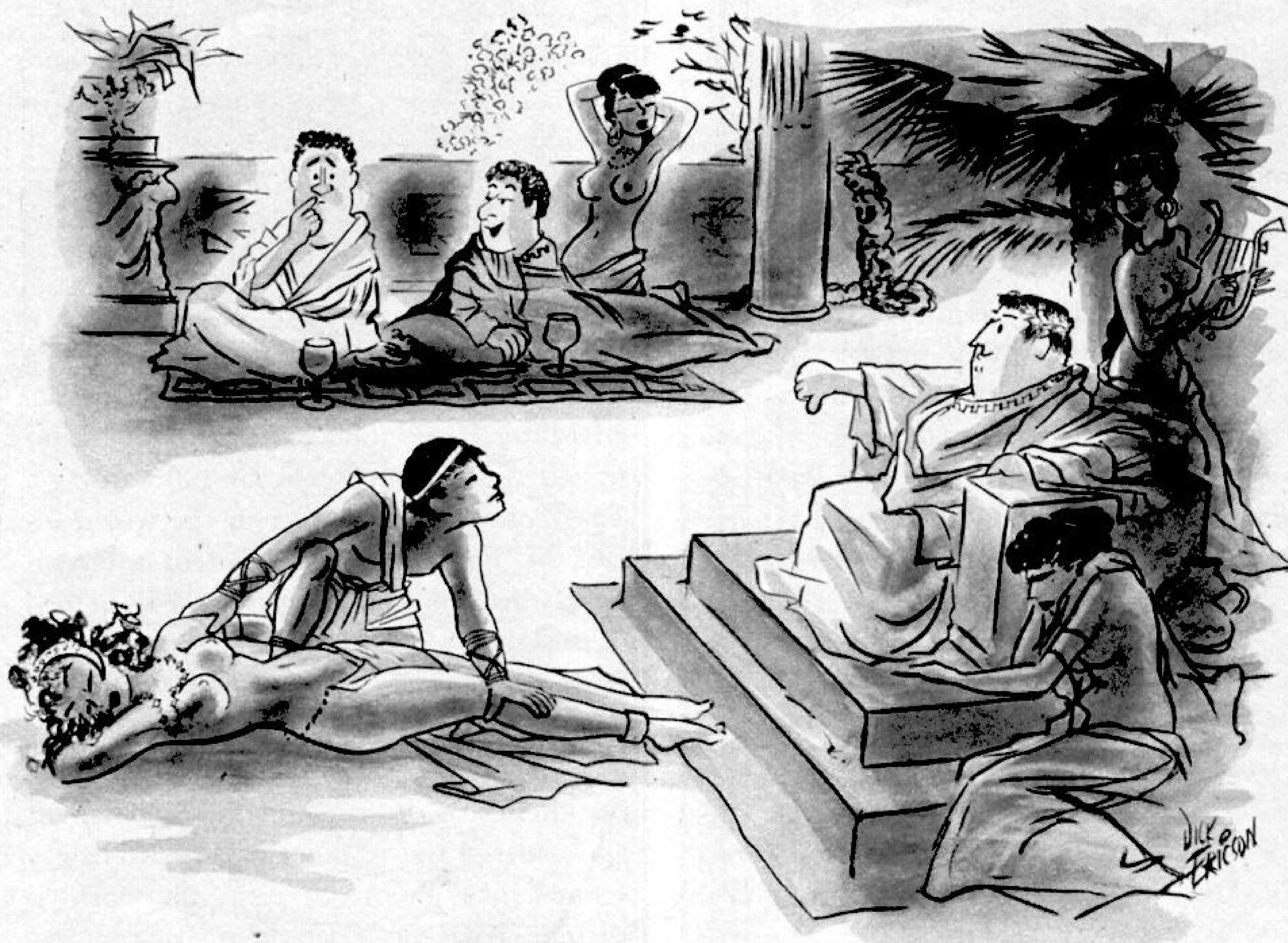
Rarely are stars restored. The most prominent exception was when Tour d'Árgent lost its third star in 1952. The aristocratic proprietor, Claude Terrail, then made a public apology in the French press and set out to mend his ways. The third star was restored the following year.

Michelin sets no quota on three-star restaurants, although the number has never exceeded the present eleven. "We should be very pleased to find fifteen or twenty restaurants of three-star caliber in France," I was told. The search is in the hands of ten inspectors and a chief inspector who cover all of France, identifying themselves only after they have sampled food and wine and are ready to inspect the kitchen. In separate volumes, Michelin also rates the hotels and restaurants of Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg, using teams of native inspectors in each country. But it is notable that three-star ratings seldom are given outside France. By Michelin standards, there is no cuisine comparable to French cuisine.

A notable gap in Michelin coverage is the omission of Great Britain. British restaurants were rated by Michelin for four years, between 1926 and 1930; the project was halted in the Depression years and never resumed. The British were incensed by French downgrading of their favored eating houses and the smouldering conflict between English and French culinary tastes would explode if Michelin standards were imposed again in ranking British food.

Nor would many American restaurateurs profit by strict comparison with the best of France. One pertinent factor is that although Americans are often the predominant foreign patrons of the best French restaurants, purchases of the French edition of the *Guide* in America make up less than one percent of its total sale. The various editions of the *Guide* are special-order items in most American bookstores, and the most dependable mail order source is the Office of French and European Publications, Inc., Rockefeller Center, NYC.

The most serious discrepancies in the *Guide*—such as finding Lapérouse and Lasserre with the same three-star rating—are attributable to annoying time lags in upgrading or downgrading restaurants. The *Guide* is scrupulously edited and its integrity and detail are unmatched by any other guide in the world. It remains the conscience of French gastronomy and the bible of French tourism.



"Relax Marius—he's not going to kill *her."*

Heroics

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Yet, the Lindy myth sustained itself at peak level year after year, despite Lindbergh's indifference to public opinion—except where it could be used for the advancement of aviation and (according to some) the acquisition of power.

After the kidnaping and death of his infant son, Lindbergh packed off to live in England where, at the request of the American government, which was becoming more than just curious about the Nazi war preparations, he accepted repeated invitations to visit Germany during the mid and late Thirties. Preferring the precision of machines to the fallibilty of human beings, it is not surprising that Lindbergh was deeply impressed by the exterior efficiency of totalitarianism. Unfortunately, his subsequent overevaluation of the Luftwaffe seems more to have served German propaganda aims than our intelligence objectives and undoubtedly contributed to French and English appeasement of Hitler. When, in 1938, he accepted a special medal from the hands of Hermann Goering, the end was on the way—symbolized by the quiet death of TWA's once proud slogan, "The Lindbergh Line."

IN 1939, Charles Lindbergh returned to his native land to fight for what was not only a losing cause, but an unpopular one. Initially on his own, and then as the darling of the America First Committee, he campaigned actively for isolationism—a concept, curiously enough, that Lindbergh, himself, had been principally responsible for rendering obsolete. It was his view that Britain was doomed to a negotiated peace with Hitler dictating the terms, and that America had no business getting involved with Lend-Lease (let alone any fighting).

But what finally disillusioned a still, for the most part, adoring public was Lindbergh's inability to draw any moral distinction between Hitler and his enemies. To Lindbergh it was just a political squabble in which "differing concepts of right" had to be decided by might. There was more than enough evidence for many people to interpret his sentiments as being pro-Nazi.

In Des Moines, on September 11, 1941, Lindbergh buried the American Dream with the following words: "No person with a sense of the dignity of mankind can condone the persecution the Jewish race suffered in Germany. But no person of honesty and vision can look on their pro-war policy here, today, without seeing the dangers involved in such a policy, both for us and for them. . . . Their greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government."

A more sophisticated public, such as the one which later winked at adulterous movie stars, TV quiz fixers, and cooperative U-2 pilots, might have seen fit to forgive Lindbergh for straying far afield from his area of professional competence. But the remnant of the same naiveté that was part and parcel of creating yesterday's heroes still demanded a perfect being who would be all things to all men.

"Col." Lindbergh, having resigned his commission in the Air Corps to prevent being muzzled by his Commander in Chief, was not permitted back into military service during the war. The Roosevelt administration was taking no chance that such a formidable and outspoken critic might return in triumph again to haunt them as *General* Lindbergh (a rank accorded him years later under the Eisenhower regime).

Nevertheless, Lindbergh served his country brilliantly as a civilian. Winding up in the Pacific, the forty-two-year-old flier shot down several Jap Zeroes while flying close to fifty combat missions as a technical "observer." More important, he taught the P-38 pilots how to extend the range of the P-38 some 500 miles—in effect, giving them a brand new fighter plane. And in another throwback to the days of his distance flights all over the world, he demonstrated that a Corsair could lift double the bomb load that anyone had suspected.

Today—as for the past seventeen years—Charles A. Lindbergh lives quietly in Darien, Connecticut, with his wife (best-selling authoress, Anne Morrow) and their three youngest children. Phone unlisted, mail box nameless, and friends and associates perhaps more protective than is now necessary, the Eagle is finally free. Free to move about unrecognized in public. Free to continue adding to the aviation scene without distraction.

But loving adulation doesn't make comebacks. The legend still continues—preserved in yellowing news clips and dusty library books, but it is the legend of a *man*, not of a god.

THE ANONYMOUS MICHELANGELOS who sculpt and mold the heroes of the Soaring Sixties have become a good deal more adept at hiding the flaws in their handiwork; the cynical remarks comparing the propaganda promotion of John Glenn to the selling of a bar of soap should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the creation of a hero image is a highly skilled craft—perhaps an art form.

In any event, we may be sure that a valuable property like career officer Glenn will not be allowed to make the "public relations" errors that characterized the grand-hero prototype of the Machine Age. Nor would he be likely to in any case. Where Lindbergh, a solitary youth from undemonstrative parents, was often considered an oddball, Johnny (Bud) Glenn is the well-adjusted, all-American type. Football lineman, member of the choir, president of his junior class, lead in the senior play; he is all apple pie and Fourth of July. Where Lindbergh was the product of scientific materialism (spiced with a dash of mysticism), it comes as little surprise that the present "man of the moment" is deeply and conventionally religious. Having reached the point where greatness originates not in the abnormal but the supernormal, it seems likely that John Glenn will continue to be pleasant, noncontroversial, and whatever inspiration the country demands.

Though a very civilized tiger, Glenn may prove to be the last of the epic heroes. The Carpenters and Schirras who follow with unassisted orbital flights similar to Glenn's will eventually be relegated into the same obscure boat with Clarence Chamberlin, who not only crossed the Atlantic just a mere two weeks after Lindbergh, but broke Lindbergh's record by 500 miles.

But the only certainty in the hero business is its uncertainty. Shortly after riding shoulder to shoulder with Lindbergh in the triumphant motorcade through the streets of his city, James J. (Jimmy) Walker, New York's popular song-and-dance mayor, remarked prophetically on the pitfalls of heroism: "Much as I love the people of our glorious nation, I must say that it is a dangerous place in which to be a hero. A hero always runs into a time, if he but lives long enough, when there are no cheers. Let a man, however popular, make one little mistake—let alone a big one—one misstep that is contrary to the style of the moment, and he is criticized, then vilified, ignored and forgotten."

Will we love John Glenn in December as we do in May? The answer now, of course, is YES; it always is—in May. But though the name of the game is glory, the field of play is quicksand and the rules are ever changing. It is not inconceivable that—as in the case of Lindbergh—we shall someday see a cartoon in *The New Yorker* in which a man and his young son are leaving a movie theater after viewing "The John Glenn Story," only to have the little boy ask, "If everybody thought what he did was so marvelous, how come he never got famous?"



Cantinflas

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

audience. It's the outrageous characterization of their own lives. It's their fantasies given, if only for a few moments, the flesh of reality. The proportion is all wrong by any standard of common sense, and so the core of reality is pulled and stretched until the absurdity underneath is exposed.

Laughter is timing. I'm not talking about the technique of delivering a joke. I mean the selection of a precise instant that's completely out of step with the rest of the action. What may be a completely mundane incident at one time, becomes hysterical inanity in another atmosphere.

Laughter is a battle. Like a shabby knight charging forth on a white trolley car, Cantinflas is fearless. He's an optimist who firmly believes that everything is possible. Failure is utterly incomprehensible to him. He'll go to bat for others and somehow never realize that he's the one who desperately needs help. He conquers with native cunning . . . is blandly unaware of possible consequences.

Laughter is escape. It's a long thin road that doesn't exist . . . except that Cantinflas can travel it. And take us with him.

Laughter is a strange form of reality. Granted the actual episodes could never happen in life. We all know this. But the incidents are only barely over the line. They are almost plausible and humor fades the delineation even more. Without the separation, there would be no anchor . . . no contrast. Laughter needs the springboard of reality.

A long list? Are these strange companions of humor? I don't think so. Without them the laughter is hollow. The ability to offer laughter is a humble gift. But there's more involved than a mere outward flow. Cantinflas and I both need to make people happy. We must. *For only then can we be happy.*



Two Doctors

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have mercy, hear me out. There's extenuating circumstances. Ya see, I got twelve kids at home. Twelve big, strapping boys. And they ain't got no mother.

Casey (softening slightly): How's that?

Crum: Well, in the movie business, you meet a lot of girls, ya know? And one thing leads to another. Only they always stick me with the consequences.

Casey: You mean, the offspring of these iniquitous relationships?

Crum: Yeah, what you said. So I got these twelve big, strapping boys, see? Only no mother to bring 'em up like gentlemen.

Casey: Crum, this is even more serious than a tumor. You have a guilt complex, resulting from your idea that the boys are wild because you've neglected them. But don't you see, Crum? Faking that tumor, getting out of the house, was only a temporary solution. You can't completely escape your guilt until you do the right thing by those boys. Crum—face up to it, get them a mother. Get married.

Crum (despondently): Who'd have me? What dame wants twelve big, strapping sons the minute she says "I do"?

(The door suddenly opens and Dr. Kildare enters with the girl from the Psychiatric Ward in tow.)

Kildare (panting): Well, this is a surprise. Here's Dr. Ben Casey. Doctor, I want you to meet one of our most popular patients. We just happened to be passing through. She's got a slight touch of Nymphomania, caused by putting herself out too much. Clear case of a desperate search for Mister Right, as I see it.

Casey (steely-eyed once more): Butting in again, eh, Kildare? And, as usual, your diagnosis is way wide of the mark. Any damn fool just out of pre-med could see that this girl is suffering from an acute mother complex. (He turns to Crum.) You need a mother for your twelve big, strapping boys, right? Well, here she is.

Crum (salaciously to girl): Well, sister?

Girl (eagerly): Twelve big, strapping boys?

Casey: Twelve it is. And Crum here is off on location most of the time, so you'll have the boys all to yourself, little mother.

Girl (throwing arms around Crum): Hubby-to-be!

Kildare (penitently to Casey): Dr. Ben Casey, I've been wrong. Terribly wrong. You've got heart.

Crum: Not only that, you've both got contracts. No more location trips for me. I'm getting out of the movies and into TV. Got an idea for a doctor series.

Casey: Count me out. I do a single.

Crum: Okay, two doctor series. You can both have your own show. What say, boys?

Casey and Kildare (in unison): Hooray! We'll never have to practice medicine again!

(As the curtain falls, Casey, Kildare, Crum and the girl link arms and do a Shuffle-off-to-Buffalo toward the door, while two elderly men-in-white, Dr. Gillespie and Dr. Zorba, drop to the floor from the light fixture, where they have been eavesdropping, and chase after them, screeching frantically, "Wait for us! Wait for us!")

Books

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

protege of Alberto Moravia—whose book **THE AGE OF MALAISE**, was recently published on the same day in 12 countries, including the U.S. Already banned in Spain, it's a novel about a 17-year-old Roman girl which has caused the biggest literary controversy in Europe since the war.

NEXT FALL, you will be seeing a book by Irving Wallace which will probably be more controversial than his current best seller, "The Prize," or his previous hot number, "The Chapman Report.' **THE THREE SIRENS** deals with a varied group of Americans who are brought face to face with an unusual love-and-marriage system in Polynesia, and the first printing will be 75,000 copies. The movies have already bought it in manuscript form for $300,000, and along with it a major manuscript problem. Wallace had a rough time over in Sweden, when his "The Prize" was filmed. There was an unofficial "ban" on him, because the Swedes don't like the unsavory innuendoes that go along with his plot, and tried to keep him from getting rooms anywhere. But an outfit as big as MGM can get anything, if they pay for it. And to keep a writer like Wallace happy, they were glad to pay and make certain he had somewhere to sleep!

SPORTS BUFFS will be glad to know that, in the Fall, Random House will bring out a book tentatively entitled **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE.** The author is Hamilton "Tex" Maule, football authority and editor at *Sports Illustrated,* who's been working on the project with the official cooperation of the National Football League. The book will cover professional football from its beginnings to its current era of success.

—*J. R. Gaver*

RECORDINGS

IT HAS OFTEN been said that there are no *new* experiences for those music lovers who find time only for the classics. This maxim was probably the brainstorm of either an ardent jazz fan or an unsuccessful composer of the contemporary period. The jazz fan we can excuse on the axiomatic basis that you can't add oranges and apples and come up with an answer that refers to bath, but any devotee of serious music that fails to see the opportunity for fresh excitement hidden among the new album releases of old masterpieces is a

clear-cut example of "listening more and enjoying it less!"

While jazz has remained the dominant interpretive form among musical idioms by virtue of its constant spontaneity and improvisational opportunities for the performer, serious music (more often referred to incorrectly as classical music) has been relegated to the position of a compositional art form with little or no room for expression on the part of the interpretive artist. Of course, the performer of the classics might find it a little difficult to break into an improvisational riff in the middle of a Beethoven sonata (European audiences would probably go so far as to stone him for such conceit), but there is still one experience for serious music lovers that surpasses all others including the debut of a new work by some contemporary composer of great promise. And that is the glorious and *totally new* experience of hearing one of the old classic masterpieces played as it has never been played before—and such a thing could never happen were it not for the interpretive genius of the performers involved.

Such a "best ever" performance has just been recorded by London and a quick look at the personnel engaged in producing this album should tell how such a masterpiece-in-wax was achieved. The music is by Brahms, the conducting by Herbert Von Karajan, the playing by the members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and the stereophony the best one could ask for. Oh yes, I almost forgot—the title of the album is BRAHMS' THIRD SYMPHONY AND TRAGIC OVERTURE (CS 6249), and it can stand against all comers to date. Even the best-selling Brahms No. 3 of Toscanini and NBC Symphony fame must take a back seat in this case. Von Karajan is at his most brilliant throughout the recording and this can only mean that the Brahms you hear will be more sonorous, more rhapsodic, more technically impressive, and more aesthetically overwhelming than any it has been your pleasure to listen to previously.

More kudos are in store for London Records as a result of three additional albums featuring the music of four 19th Century composers, none of whom, unfortunately, ever matched the artistry or popularity of Brahms. The first of these albums is a charming production of DIE FLEDERMAUS (OSA 1249), which is blessed with the same Von Karajan and Vienna Philharmonic combination that made the aforementioned Brahms' Third such a memorable listening occasion. As a matter of fact, this is the most outstanding European recording combination since the golden days of the late Thomas Beecham

and the Royal Philharmonic. Whether you're a fan of the "Waltz King" or not, this rendition of Fledermaus should transport you back to those carefree days of Vienna in the 1870's, when Prince Orlofsky's annual ball wound up like a scene from Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." The Prince is sung superbly by American-born Regina Resnik, formerly a star of the Lyric Opera, in Chicago. The rest of the cast is either German or Austrian to the man, with the single exception of Giuseppe Zampieri who plays—you'll never guess—the role of Alfred, the *Italian tenor.* All in all, a monumental toast to Old Vienna by Von Karajan and his band of little old Viennese music-makers.

The final two London albums that rate more than a cursory investigation are: **BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY** (CS 6330) and **SAINT-SAËNS SYMPHONY NO. 3** (CS 6331). The former is a stirring presentation of the bohemian rhythms and melodic strains that were the sum and substance of two great Czech composers—Smetana and Dvorak. Both sides should be familiar to the listener with Dvorak represented by five of his Slavonic Dances, and Smetana by selections from "The Bartered Bride" plus a downright chauvinistic performance of the "Moldau." Handling the conducting duties on this Bohemian holiday is the capable Istvan Kertesz and the orchestra is the Israel Philharmonic. In the case of the Saint-Saëns album, I think it will suffice to say that conductor Ernest Ansermet and the celebrated *L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande* make it evident that France had at least one composer during the latter half of the nineteenth century that truly understood the intricacies and complexities of writing for the symphony. Although, none of Saint-Saëns' symphonic efforts ever received the critical acclaim of the period, as did Cesar Franck's D minor symphony, this recording illustrates how great a craftsman the Frenchman was when it came to writing for full orchestra, and the organ solo part, played by Pierre Segon, gives the work a sense of power unfamiliar to most French music.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! In this corner . . . weight, 135 pounds . . . height, 6 feet—repeat, 6 feet . . . the leading contender for the title of most talented new female entertainer on the national nightclub scene . . . Miss Judy Henske. That may seem like an unwarranted buildup for a virtual unknown, but one listen to her first album for Elektra simply entitled, **JUDY HENSKE,** (EKL-231), and you'll know you've discovered the latest triple-threat entertainer to enter the show business arena.

Miss Henske is a comedienne, blues



Rogue READER SERVICE

Write to Patricia O'Brien to help solve your shopping problems. She will be happy to answer your questions and provide you with the name of the retail outlet nearest you with merchandise featured in ROGUE, editorially or in its advertising pages. Complete where-to-buy information is available for this issue's featured merchandise and services listed below.

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singer and stage personality all rolled up into one attractive, 6-foot-tall package of performing dynamite. She hails from the unlikely birthplace of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin; has been kicked out of some of the finest universities in the land; sang for several months with the ill-fated Whiskey Hill Singers; has appeared at Chicago's Gate of Horn, New York's Village Gate and The Unicorn in Los Angeles; and, can belt out a spiritual like "Wade in the Water," just like Bessie used to, or crack you up with her arrangement of "The Salvation Army Song." In short, she's a real swinger and ROGUE's nominee for the most likely to succeed female talent of 1963.

Another female recording personality just up from the ranks and definitely worth more than just honorable mention is Miss Shirley Horn. In her new Mercury album, **LOADS OF LOVE** (MG 20761), Shirley shows why her early performing years as a pianist held her in good stead when she decided to do a single as a vocalist. Her pitch is unusually accurate, her tone is warm and her style is tasteful—give a listen, you'll dig.

THE NAME Gerry Mulligan has been a hip one to use around jazz enthusiasts since the early forties. In those days, he blew baritone and wrote some of the most definitive jazz arrangements for old-line pros like Miles Davis, Gene Krupa and Claude Thornhill. And jazz lovers will never forget the later sides he cut with Shorty Rogers and Ben Webster, not to mention the innovational gems he put out with the help of the, now famous, Gerry Mulligan Quartet.

Well, the master is back at his same old stand and the quartet's latest bombshell is **SPRING IS SPRUNG** (PHM 200-077), on the Philips label. Four of the six selections are Mulligan originals; the other two are Count Basie's "Jive At Five" and Bob Brookmeyer's "Open Country." Incidentally, Mr. Brookmeyer plays some of the gutsiest sideman piano on this take that your reviewer has ever had the pleasure of reacting to.

AND JUST IN CASE you're beginning to think that ROGUE gives everybody a favorable review, here's the July candidate for "recording bomber of the month." The award unfortunately goes to Columbia Records for its latest folk release: **THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS TELL TALL TALES!** (CL 2017). The contents of this album are aptly described on the cover as: Legends and Nonsense. In this instance, the latter term would have covered it perfectly.

—*Bill Mackle*

POST ROGUE

ILL-GUIDED MISSILES
Sirs:

In reference to your March article, "Our Know-Nothing Newspapers," I wish to warmly congratulate Mr. Philip Wylie for his brave and fine analysis of the people that prepare the science news for our public prints. Their incompetence is really something out of this world.

That's one of the reasons why I have not missed them during the newspaper strike here in New York. After all, I'm not a merchant and I'd rather stick to a good magazine like ROGUE than read "a tale told by an idiot."

Robert P. MacAuliffe
Bayside, New York

GOREY ALPHABET
Sirs:

Your Gorey Alphabet in the May issue was sick, sick, sick! However, I dug it! Will there be any more of the macabre Mr. Gorey coming up in the near future?

Harold Holmer
Watertown, New York

Not right now, but watch for the series on ROGUE'S *staff members. They're just about as weird.*

PERCEPTIVE LAD
Sirs:

After finishing a copy of ROGUE each month, I like to settle back with your letters column and see what the readers have to say. Very often this turns out to be just as interesting and entertaining as the fiction and girls. I have only one question: Who is the guy that writes the comebacks to the letters you get? He must have a razor-sharp mind, and wit to boot!

Maurice Crawford
Boston, Mass.

True, true.

EVIL MIND
Sirs:

Oh, come off it! Why do you have to clutter up a good magazine with dribble by Philip Wylie. If he had his way, 1000 years of civilization would go down the drain overnight in a candle-lit, goat-capering orgy that Wylie would call "healthful" and "long over due."

Furthermore, prostitution has always been considered the lowest of "professions" and always will be, I imagine. What could be worse than a girl "renting or selling" her body for a few short minutes of carnal lust and then going out and willfully seeking another customer? I don't see how any "magazine" could print such rot.

Ronald Folley
Seattle, Washington

Easy with the quotation marks, "friend."

JADED JAFFE?
Sirs:

Your short story, "He Can't Be Dead, He Spoke To Me," in the May issue, was one of the strangest pieces of fiction that I've come across in a long time. You had to settle back and think about the whole thing for a while. I hate to say it, but I'm still thinking. And the more I do, the sicker I get over the answer to what those people were doing on the bed. Do I have a dirty mind or what?

Donald Camp
Laramie, Wyoming

"Dirty's" not quite the word.



TRAILER

"GET YOUR HAND off my knee," said the Duchess has often been quoted as one of the best fiction lead-ins ever written. **Guido Maria Lion**, in the August issue of **Rogue** has come up with a topper in "I Amidst Sparrows." The line?—"I am a sex maniac." Keep an eye peeled. **John Crosby**, wit, raconteur and widely syndicated columnist is an angry man. As far as he is concerned, you can take Sam Benedict, Perry Mason, The Defenders, and all the volumes of "Blackstone on Law," roll them up in a small ball and . . . But read Mr. Crosby on "Law and Dis-Order." **Jack Sharkey** has done a real knee slapper called, "Pull Up A Chair." August also brings you the third in our series of "The Velvet Jobs." This one considers the delights of being a P. R. director of a very posh hotel in Acapulco. By the time **Terry Galanoy** finishes this series, he should've ended the Horatio Alger myth forever. Tired of those movie fights where the hero wins with one fancy blow? Read "The Judo Bums" and find out what a boxer thinks of this nonsense. And don't miss **Stanley Ellin's** "Rogue's Poker," a new game at which you just might win! Plus today's prettiest ladies. . . .



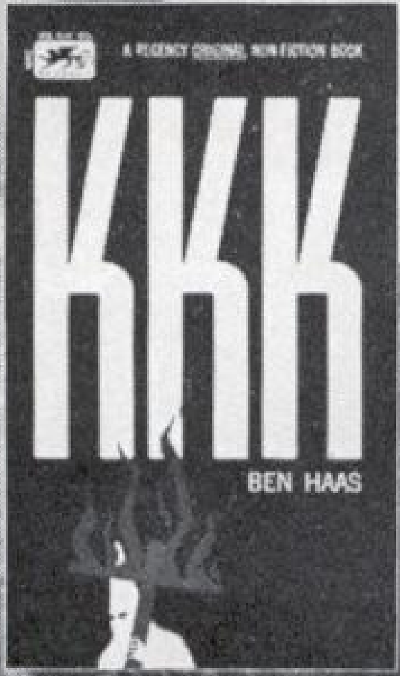
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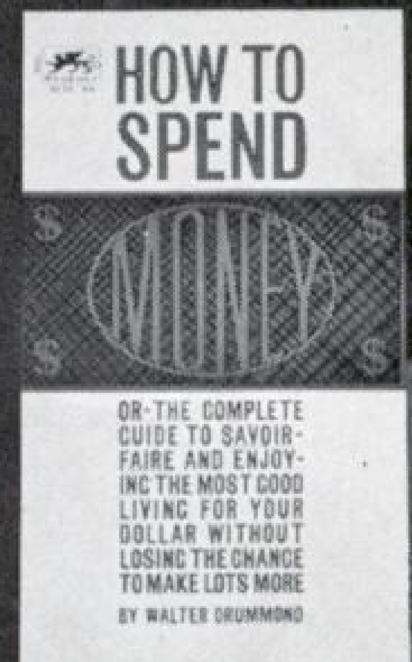


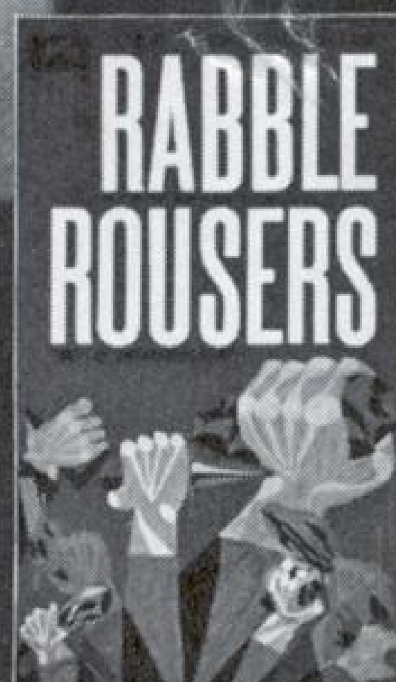
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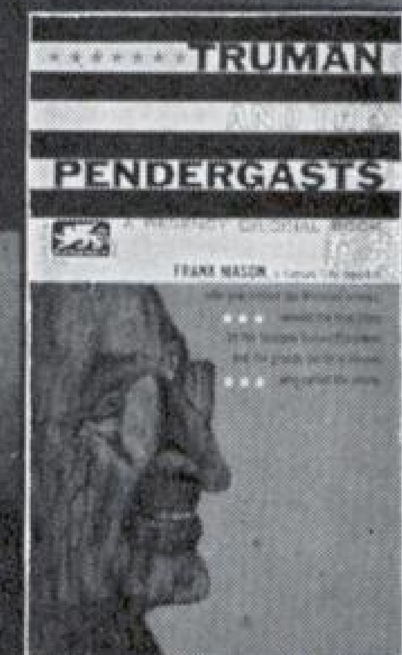




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